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KEYWORDS

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Christmas

By William H. Davies

CHRISTMAS has come, let's eat and drink—
This is no time to sit and think;
Farewell to study, books and pen,
And welcome to all kinds of men.
Let all men now get rid of care,
And what one has let others share;
Then 'tis the same, no matter which
Of us is poor, or which is rich.
Let each man have enough this day,
Since those that can are glad to pay;
There's nothing now too rich or good
For poor men, not the king's own food.
Now like a singing bird my feet
Touch earth, and I must drink and eat.
Welcome to all men: I'll not care
What any of my fellows wear;
We'll not let cloth divide our souls,
They'll swim stark naked in the bowls.
Welcome, poor beggar: I'll not see
That hand of yours dislodge a flea,
While you sit at my side and beg—
Or right foot scratching your left leg.
Farewell restraint: we will not now
Measure the ale our brains allow,
But drink as much as we can hold.
We'll count no change when we spend gold;

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This is no time to save, but spend,
To give for nothing, not to lend.
Let foes make friends; let them forget
The mischief-making dead that fret
The living with complaint like this—
“He wronged us once, hate him and his.”
Christmas has come; let every man
Eat, drink, be merry all he can.
Ale's my best mark, but if port wine
Or whisky's yours—let it be mine;
No matter what lies in the bowls,
We'll make it rich with our own souls.
Farewell to study, books and pen,
And welcome to all kinds of men.

By Walter de la Mare

The Dreamer

O THOU who gav'st me helm and sword,
Yet sent the rusting rain,
And starry dark's all tender dews
To blunt and stain :

Out of the battle I am sped,
Unharm'd, yet stricken sore ;
A living shape 'mid whispering shades
On Lethe's shore.

No trophy in my hands I bring,
To this sad, sighing stream,
The neighings and the trumps and cries
Were but a dream—a dream.

Traitor to life, of life betrayed—
O, of thy mercy deep,
A dream my all, the all I ask
Is sleep.

The Quarry

You hunted me with all the pack,
Too blind, too blind, to see
By no wild hope of force or greed
Could you make sure of me.

And like a phantom through the glades
With tender breast aglow,
The goddess in me laughed to hear
Your horns a-roving go.

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She laughed to think no mortal e'er
By dint of mortal flesh
The very Cause that was the Hunt
One moment could enmesh :

That though with captive limbs I lay,
Stilled breath and vanquished eyes,
He that hunts Love with horse and hound
Rides to his own misprise.

It was the Great Alexander,
Capped with a golden helm,
Sate in the ages, in his floating ship,
In a dead calm.

Voices of sea-maids singing
Wandered across the deep :
The sailors labouring on their oars
Rowed as in sleep.

All the high pomp of Asia,
Charmed by that siren lay,
Out of their weary and dreaming minds
Faded away.

Like a bold boy sate their Captain,
His glamour withered and gone,
In the souls of his brooding mariners,
While the song pined on.

Time like a falling dew,
Life like the scene of a dream
Laid between slumber and slumber,
Only did seem. . . .

O Alexander, then,
In all us mortals too,
Wax not so overbold
On the wave dark-blue !

Come the calm starry night,
Who then will hear
Aught save the singing
Of the sea-maids clear?

In the Streets

By F. S. Flint

O HUMAN fool, who stand at meeting ways,
And brood on mortal things and mortal days,—
How you are caught within the net of fire
The stars have stretched and knotted, and aspire
To vint the spirit in you, and to fill
A chalice of sweet words for men to spill,—

Lo, with your tortured soul you pace and pace;
Your aching eyes scan this face and that face,
To find some meaning to your pilgrimage,
Some answer to your question will assuage
You of your torment. In you is the cry,
“I was born, I am alive, I shall die;
We tread this swinging planet, you and I.
Can you not feel a trembling at your feet,
An adoration at your heart, a beat
Of wings within your brain,—the yearning and
The pain, outcry of earth and life, command
You, sing to you of seas and mountains, sing
To you of lakes and forests, birds that sing
And bees that bourdon, honey-gathering?
Come, there are vineyards and rose-gardens, grapes
And roses still, and lithe and lovely shapes
Of men and women, though you see them never.
Oh, and in spring the orchards still bear blossom,
And Autumn comes with apples in her bosom,
And Life is calling, calling you for ever!”

I am bewildered by the dædal street.

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There is no wonder in the eyes I meet,
No memory of beauty. Houses frown
On all sides, leaning over, weigh me down,
And stare me coldly out, like men, with eyes
As inexpressive, unresponsive to my cries.
Is there no love in all the world to break
These walls of brick and custom for its sake?

O beacon of my soul, O high watch-tower,
Where, burning through the ether hour by hour,
The stars have brought me golden embassies
To banish sordid thought, and euphrasies
Wherewith to clear the vision, kindling wine
To make the brain grow drunken and divine,
I cannot understand my fellow men.
A solitary wayfarer, I ken
Their comings and their goings: they are blind
And they are brutal: they are humankind.
I will take up my stand where four ways meet,
And listen to the beating of their feet
Upon the stones that cover dead Pan's grave.
Within my heart reverberates a stave
Of his old music, which shall bring me tears.
There is a weight of sorrow on the years.

The Inviolable Hour

By John Drinkwater

If ever you with riches should be bought,
And all your life become a little thing,
And all the bright adventure of your thought
Be curbed; if time should bring
The passionate promise of your youth to naught;

If you should never find the lordly will
To stir your beauty to a flame of flowers,
If, robed in precious merchandise, you still
Are subject to the powers
That bruise the grain God sows along the hill;

If you should sell yourself in any wise
Save at love's bidding, and so fall to be
Life's drudge and outcast, yet, for that your eyes
No longer then should see
The light that once they borrowed from the skies,

You went of your own sorrow unaware,
Save in swift moments of remembered days
When still the stars were tangled in your hair,
And all your limbs were praise,
And all your movement as a lyric prayer—

Should it be so, will you remember this,
That once a man, who watched your beauty grow,
And knew the waxing peril of your kiss,
And saw you turn and go,
Unweaponed, towards the world's untried abyss,

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Made in his heart a record that your soul
Immortal beauty had, that you were strong
To keep the proudest purpose of you whole,
To meet the proudest wrong
Should look your vagrant spirit to control,—

Will you remember this? The days may prove
The things alone of little worth in you,
You may beguile yourself that life and love,
So seared, have had their due,
That you in your right constellation move.

It may be so; and you may violate
The seedling hope sown in a waste of fears,
Yet in his thought shall you be consecrate
With your immortal peers,
Your laughter true, your soul immaculate.

The Modern Theory of Instinct*

By Henri Fabre

THE larvæ of the various Hunting Wasps demand a motionless prey which will not, by defensive movements, endanger the delicate egg and, afterwards, the tiny grub fixed to a part of the prey. In addition, it is necessary that this inert prey should be nevertheless alive; for the grub would not accept a corpse as food. Its victuals must be fresh meat, not preserved provisions. These two antagonistic conditions of immobility and life the Hymenopteron realises by means of paralysis, which destroys movement and leaves the organic principle of life intact. With a skill which our most famous vivisectionists would envy, the insect drives its poisoned sting into the nerve-centres, the seat of muscular stimulation. The operator either confines herself to a single stroke of the lancet, or else gives two, or three, or more, according to the structure of the particular nervous system and the number and grouping of the nerve-centres. The exact anatomy of the victim guides the needle.

The game selected by the Sand-wasp, known as *Ammophila hirsuta*, is the Grey Worm, the caterpillar of the Turnip Moth, whose nerve-centres, distant one from the other and, to a certain extent, independent in their action, each occupy a different segment of the animal. This caterpillar, which is a very sturdy wriggler, cannot be stored in the cell, with the Wasp's egg upon its flank, until after it has lost all power of motion. One movement of its body would crush the egg against the wall of the cell.

Now a segment rendered motionless by paralysis would not involve the numbing of the next segment, because of the relative independence of the nerve-centres. It is necessary, therefore, that all the segments, or at least the

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most important, be operated on successively, from the first to the last. What the most expert physiologist would prescribe the Sand-wasp performs: her sting shifts from one segment to the next, nine separate times over.

She does more than that. The head is still unscathed; the mandibles, or jaws, are active: on the road they might easily seize some bit of straw rooted in the ground and oppose an invincible resistance to the traction; the brain, the primary nervous centre, might provoke a stubborn contest, which were very awkward with so heavy a burden. It is well that these hitches should be avoided. The caterpillar, therefore, must be plunged into a state of torpor which will suppress the least inclination for self-defence. The Wasp succeeds in effecting this by munching its head. She carefully refrains from inserting her needle: to inflict a mortal wound on the cervical nerve-centres would mean killing the caterpillar then and there, a blunder to be eschewed at any cost. She merely squeezes the brain, with measured movements, and each time stops to ascertain the effect produced, for there is a nice point to be achieved, a certain degree of torpor that must not be exceeded, lest death should supervene. In this way, the somnolence is obtained that suspends volition. And now the caterpillar, incapable of resistance, incapable of wishing to resist, is seized by the nape of the neck and dragged to the nest. Comment would mar the eloquence of such facts as these.

The Sand-wasp has twice allowed me to be present at her surgical practice. My first observation dates many years back, was made unexpectedly and was less thorough than to-day's, which is premeditated and carried out in conditions of perfect leisure. The two resemble each other as regards the multiplicity of the needle-thrusts, distributed methodically, by backward progression, along the ventral surface. Is this number of stings indeed identical in both cases? This time, it is exactly nine. In the case of the victim which I saw paralysed before, it seemed to me that the dart inflicted more wounds, though I am not able to state the precise number. It is quite possible that this number varies slightly and that the last segments of the caterpillar, being much less important than the others, are either neglected or attacked, according to the size and strength of the prey to be incapacitated.

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The second observation revealed to me, in addition, the squeezing of the brain, a process that produces the torpor favourable to carting and storing. So remarkable a fact would not have escaped me in the first case; it did not, therefore, take place. It follows that the method of cerebral compression is a resource which the Wasp employs at will, when circumstances demand it, as, for instance, when the victim seems likely to offer resistance on the road.

This compression of the cervical nerve-centres is optional: it has no bearing on the future of the larva; the Wasp practises it, when needful, to facilitate the labour of traction. The Languedocian *Sphex*, another Digger-wasp, whom I have often seen at work, only once performed this operation on the neck of her Grasshopper in my presence. Reduced, therefore, to its unvarying and absolutely necessary elements, the *modus operandi* of the Sand-wasp seems to lie in the multiplicity of the stings severally distributed over all or nearly all the nerve-centres along the lower surface of the prey.

Let us place side by side with the murderous art of the Wasp the murderous art of man, of practical man, whose business it is to slay rapidly. I will here recall a memory of my childhood. I was a schoolboy of twelve years old, or thereabouts, and, while musing over my lessons, would indulge my fancy for another sort of education in my own way. The Linnet was visited in her nest, on a juniper-bush standing as high as myself; the Jay was watched, picking an acorn on the ground; I came upon a Crayfish, still quite soft after shedding his shell; I made sure of the exact date when the Cockchafer were due; I went in quest of the first full-blown cuckoo-flower. The whole problem of life and that other, with its gloomy terrors, the problem of death, at times passed through my mind. It was a fleeting obsession, soon erased by the flightiness of youth. Nevertheless, the tremendous question would recur, saved from oblivion by an incident of one kind or another.

Passing by a slaughter-house, one day, I saw an ox driven in by the butcher. I have always had an insurmountable horror of blood; when I was a boy, the sight of a bleeding wound impressed me so powerfully as to make me sink into a swoon, which more than once nearly cost me my life. How did I screw up courage to walk into the horrid

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shambles? No doubt the dread problem of death urged me on. At any rate, I entered, close upon the ox.

Solidly roped by the horns, wet-muzzled, meek-eyed, the animal moves along as though making for the crib in its stable. The man walks on ahead, holding the rope. We enter the hall of death, amid the sickening stench of the offal scattered over the ground and the pools of blood. The ox becomes aware that this is not his stable; his eyes turn red with terror; he struggles, he tries to escape. But an iron ring is there, in the floor, firmly fixed to a stone flag. The man passes the rope through it and hauls. The ox lowers his head; his muzzle touches the ground. While an assistant keeps him in this position with the rope, the butcher takes a knife with a pointed blade, not at all a formidable knife and hardly larger than that which I myself carry in the pocket of my breeches. For a moment he feels with his finger behind the nape of the animal's neck and then drives in the blade at the chosen spot. The great beast gives a shiver and drops, as though struck by lightning: *procumbit humi bos*, as we used to say in those days.

I left the place in a frenzy. Afterwards, I wondered how it was possible, with a knife almost identical with that which I used for prising open my walnuts and skinning my chestnuts, with a harmless-looking blade, to kill an ox and kill it so suddenly. No gaping wound, no blood spilt, not a bellow from the animal. The man feels with his finger, gives a jab; and the thing is done: the steer's legs double up under him.

This instantaneous death, this lightning-stroke, remained an awesome mystery to me. It was only later, very much later, that I gathered the secret of the slaughter-house, at a time when, in the course of my promiscuous reading, I picked up a smattering of anatomy. The man had cut through the spinal marrow where it leaves the skull; he had severed what our physiologists have called the vital cord. To-day I might say that he had operated in the manner of the Hunting Wasps, whose lancet plunges into the nerve-centres.

Let us watch this spectacle a second time, amid more exciting conditions: I mean in the *saladeiros* of South America, those huge establishments for killing and treating

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meat, where they slaughter as many as twelve hundred oxen a day. I will quote the account of an eye-witness : *

"The cattle arrive in large herds, and the *matance* begins on the day after the arrival. A whole herd is confined in an enclosed space, or *margueira*. From time to time, men on horseback drive fifty or sixty beasts into a narrower and stronger enclosure, with a slanting floor of brick, boards, or concrete, which is always very slippery. A special labourer, standing on an outer platform which runs along the wall of the smaller *margueira*, lassoes one of the crowd of animals by the head, or, more often, by the horns. The long stout rope of the lasso has its middle coiled round a windlass; and a draught-horse, or sometimes a pair of oxen, drags the lassoed beast along and makes it slide, in spite of its struggles, right against the windlass, where it is brought up with a thud and remains without power of movement.

"Another assistant, the *desnucador*, also standing on the platform, has then but to stick a knife at the back of the head, between the occipital bone and the axis, and the paralysed animal topples on to a trolley in which it is carted off. It is at once thrown on an inclined plane, where other special labourers bleed it and skin it. But, as the injury to the cervical marrow varies a good deal in position and extent, it often happens that the unfortunate beasts still retain the motions of the heart and of the respiratory organs; and, in such cases, they suffer a reaction under the knife: they utter faint sounds of pain and move their limbs while already half-flayed and disembowelled. Nothing could be more painful than the sight of all those animals skinned alive, cut up and transformed by the blood-stained labourers running in every direction."

The murderous methods of the *saladeiro* are an exact repetition of those which I saw in the slaughter-house. In both these lethal workshops, they stab the vertebral marrow at the base of the skull. The Sand-wasp operates in a similar fashion, with this difference, that her surgery is much more complex, much more difficult, because of the peculiar organisation of her victim. The honours are on

* L. COUTY, in the *Revue Scientifique*, 6 August, 1881.—*Author's Note.*

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her side also, when we consider the delicacy of the result obtained. Her caterpillar is not a corpse, like the ox whose spinal cord is cut; it is alive, but incapable of movement. The insect, in this case, is man's superior in all respects.

Now how did the butcher of our parts and the *desnucador* of the pampas light upon the idea of plunging a knife into the seat of the marrow to produce the sudden death of a colossus which would never suffer its throat to be cut without first offering a dangerous resistance? Outside those in the trade and men of science, nobody knows or suspects the lightning result of that particular wound; we are almost all in the same state of ignorance wherein I myself was when my childish curiosity drew me into the killing-shed. The *desnucador* and the butcher have learnt their craft from the teachings of tradition and example: they have had masters; and these were brought up in the school of other masters, harking back by a chain of linked traditions to him who, served, no doubt, by some hazard of the chase, first realised the tremendous effects of a wound in the nape of the neck. Who shall tell us that a pointed flint-stone, driven by accident into the spinal marrow of the reindeer or the mammoth, did not arouse the attention of the *desnucador's* forerunner? A casual incident furnished the original idea; observation confirmed it; reflection matured it; tradition preserved it; example disseminated it. After that, the same transmission-current. For generation might follow generation in vain: if deprived of masters, the *desnucador's* descendants would return to the primitive state of ignorance. Heredity does not hand down the art of killing by severing the spinal marrow; no man is born a cattle-slayer by the *desnucador's* method.

Now here is the Sand-wasp, a slayer of caterpillars by a far more cunning process. Where are the professors of the art of stinging? There are not any. When the Wasp rends her cocoon and issues from underground, her predecessors have long ceased to live; she herself will perish without seeing her successors. Once the larder is stocked and the egg laid, all connection with the offspring ends; this year's perfect insect dies while next year's insect, still in the larva stage, slumbers below ground in its silken cot. Absolutely nothing, therefore, is handed down by exemplary instruction. The Sand-wasp is born a finished

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desmucador even as we are born feeders at the mother's breast. The nursling uses its suction-pump, the Sand-wasp her dart, without ever being taught; and both are past masters of their difficult art from the first attempt. Here we have instinct, the unconscious impulse that forms an essential part of the conditions of life and is handed down by heredity in the same way as the rhythmic action of the heart and lungs.

Let us try, if possible, to trace the Sand-wasp's instinct to its source. We suffer to-day, more than we ever did, from an itching to explain what might well be incapable of explanation. There are some—and their number seems to increase daily—who settle the stupendous question with magnificent audacity. Give them half-a-dozen cells, a bit of protoplasm and a diagram for demonstration; and they will account to you for everything. The organic world, the intellectual and moral world, everything derives from the original cell, evolving by means of its own energies. It's as simple as A.B.C. Instinct, roused by a chance action that has proved favourable to the animal, is an acquired habit. And on this basis they argue, invoking atavism, the struggle for life, the survival of the fittest. I see plenty of big words, but I should prefer a few small facts. These little facts I have been collecting and catechising for nearly forty years; and their replies are not exactly in favour of current theories.

You tell me that instinct is an acquired habit, that a casual circumstance, propitious to the animal's offspring, was the first to prompt it. Let us look into the thing more closely. If I understand aright, we must suppose some Sand-wasp, in a very remote past, to have accidentally injured her caterpillar's nervous centres; to have found herself the gainer by this operation, both personally, in being released from a struggle not unattended with danger, and on behalf of her larva, which is supplied with fresh, live and yet harmless victuals; and consequently to have endowed her offspring with a natural, inherited tendency to repeat the advantageous device. The maternal legacy did not benefit all the descendants equally: some were clumsy in the new-born art of the stiletto; others were skilful. Then came the struggle for existence, the hateful *Væ victis!* The weak went under, the strong flourished; and,

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from age to age, selection by vital competition altered the fleeting impression of the start to a deep-rooted, ineffaceable impression translated into the masterly instinct which we admire in the Wasp to-day.

Well, I avow, in all sincerity, that this is asking a little too much of chance. When the Sand-wasp first found herself in the presence of her caterpillar, there was nothing, according to you, to guide her sting. The choice was made at random. The pricks were directed at the upper surface of the captured prey, at the lower surface, at the sides, the front and the back indiscriminately, according to the fortunes of a close struggle. The Domestic Bee and the Common or Social Wasp sting those points which they are able to reach, without preference for one part over the other. That is how the Sand-wasp must have acted, when still ignorant of her art.

Now, how many points are there in a Grey Worm, above and below? Mathematical accuracy would answer, an infinity; a few hundreds will serve our purpose. Of this number, nine or perhaps more have to be selected; the needle must be inserted there and not elsewhere: a little higher, a little lower, a little to one side, it would not produce the desired effect. If the favourable event is an accidental result, how many combinations would be needed to bring it about, how much time to exhaust all the possible cases? When the difficulty becomes too pressing, you take refuge behind the mist of the ages, you retreat into the shadows of the past as far as fancy can carry you, you call upon time, the factor of which we have so little at our disposal and which, for that very reason, is so well-suited to hide our whimses. Here, you can safely let yourselves go; you can be as lavish of the centuries as you please. Let us shake up hundreds of figures, all of different values, in an urn and draw out nine at random. When shall we, in this way, obtain a sequence fixed upon beforehand, a sequence that stands alone? The chance is so slight, replies mathematical science, that we may as well put it down as *nil* and say that the desired arrangement will never come about. In the case of the Sand-wasp of the prehistoric age, the attempt was renewed only at long intervals, from one year to the next. Then how did this sequence of nine stings at nine selected points emerge from the urn of

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chance? When I am driven to appeal to infinity in time, I am very much afraid of running up against absurdity.

"But," say you, "the insect did not attain its present surgical dexterity at the very outset: it went through experiments, apprenticeships, varying degrees of skill. There was a weeding out by natural selection, eliminating the less expert, retaining the more gifted; and instinct, as we know it, developed gradually, thanks to the accumulation of individual capacities, added to those handed down by heredity."

The argument is erroneous: instinct developed by degrees is flagrantly impossible in this case. The art of preparing the larva's provisions allows of none but masters and suffers no apprentices; the Wasp must excel in it from the start or leave the thing alone. Two conditions, in fact, are absolutely essential: that it should be possible for the insect to drag home and store a quarry which greatly exceeds itself in size and strength; and that it should be possible for the new-hatched grub to gnaw peacefully, in its narrow cell, a live and comparatively enormous prey. The suppression of movement in the victim is the only means of realising those conditions; and this suppression, to be complete, requires sundry dagger-thrusts, one in each nerve-centre. If the paralysis and the torpor be not sufficient, the Grey Worm will defy the efforts of the huntress, will struggle desperately on the journey and will not reach the destination; if the immobility be not complete, the egg, fixed at a given spot on the worm, will perish under the contortions of the giant. There is no mean admissible, no half-success. Either the caterpillar is treated according to rule and the Wasp's family is perpetuated; or else the victim is only partially paralysed and the Wasp's offspring dies in the egg.

Yielding to the inexorable logic of things, we will therefore admit that the first Sand-wasp, on capturing a Grey Worm to feed her larva, operated on the patient by the exact method in use to-day. She seized the animal by the skin of the neck, stabbed it underneath, opposite each of the nerve-centres, and, if the monster threatened further resistance, munched its brain. This must have happened thus; for, once more, an unskilled murderess, doing her work in a perfunctory and haphazard fashion,

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would leave no successor, as the rearing of the egg would become impossible. Save for the perfection of her surgical powers, the slayer of fat caterpillars would die out in the first generation.

Again I hear you say :

“ The Sand-wasps, before hunting the Grey Worm, may have picked out feebler caterpillars and heaped up several in one cell, until they represented the same bulk of provender as the big prey of to-day. With puny game, a few thrusts of the needle, perhaps one, would be enough. Gradually, large-sized prey came to be preferred, as reducing the number of hunting-expeditions. Then, as successive generations chose bigger victims, the dagger-thrusts were multiplied, in proportion to the capture's power of resistance; and, by degrees, the elementary instinct of the outset became the highly-developed instinct of our time.”

To these arguments we may begin by replying that the larva's change of diet and the substitution of one morsel for the many served at first are diametrically opposed to what happens before our eyes. The Hunting Wasp, as we know her, is extremely loyal to old customs; she has sumptuary laws which she never transgresses. She who fed on Weevils in her youth puts Weevils and naught else in her larva's cell; she who was supplied with Beetles persists in the adopted fare and serves her larva with Beetles. One species of the *Sphex* family of wasps must and will have Crickets; a second, Grasshoppers; a third, Locusts. Nothing is acceptable apart from these dishes. The Digger-wasp who hunts Gad-flies revels in them, refuses to do without them, scorns any other sort of game; and so with the rest. All have their own particular tastes.

It is true that many of them allow themselves a more varied bill of fare, but only within the limits of one entomological group: thus the Weevil- and Beetle-hunters prey upon any species proportioned to their strength. Were the Sand-wasp to make a change in her diet, that would be her case too. Whether small and manifold or large and single, the prey would always consist of caterpillars. So far, so good. But there remains the question of the many replaced by the single; and I do not yet know one instance of such an alteration in the Wasp's habits. She who stocks the larder with a single joint never dreams of

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heaping up several of smaller size; she who goes on repeated expeditions to stack a quantity of game in one and the same cell does not know how to limit herself to one head by choosing larger meat. The result of my observations never varies in this regard. The Sand-wasp of old, abandoning her manifold for a single prey, is a suggestion which we have nothing to warrant.

If the point were conceded, would it advance the question? Not in the least. Let us accept as the initial prey a feeble caterpillar, paralysed with a single sting. Even then, that sting must not be given at random, else the act would be more harmful than profitable. Irritated, but not subdued by the wound, the animal would but become more dangerous. The dart must strike a nerve-centre, probably in the middle region of the string. This, at least, it seems to me, is how the present-day Sand-wasps, addicted to the rape of weakly grubs, behave. What chance has the operator of striking that one particular point, were her lancet wielded without method? The chance is ludicrous: it is as one against the countless number of points whereof the caterpillar's body is made up. And yet, according to the theorists, it is on this chance that the Sand-wasp's future depends. What an edifice to balance on the point of a needle!

Let us agree, however, and continue. The desired point is struck; the prey is duly paralysed; the egg laid on its flank will develop without risk. Is that enough? It is at most but a half of what is absolutely necessary. Another egg is indispensable to complete the future couple and ensure an offspring. Therefore, within a few days', within a few hours' interval, a second sting must be given, as successful as the first. In other words, the impossible has to be repeated, the impossible in the second degree.

Let us not be discouraged yet; let us examine the problem to the end. Here is a Wasp, the precursor, no matter which, of our Sand-wasp, who, favoured by chance, has twice and perhaps oftener succeeded in reducing the prey to that state of inertia which the rearing of the egg imperatively demands. She does not know, does not suspect that she inserted her sting opposite a nerve-centre rather than any elsewhere. As there was nothing that led her to choose, she acted at random. Nevertheless, if we are

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to take the theory of instinct seriously, we shall have to admit that this fortuitous action, though a matter of indifference to the animal, left a lasting trace and made so great an impression that, henceforth, the wily stratagem which produces paralysis by injuring the nerve-centres is transmissible by heredity. The Sand-wasp's successors, by some prodigious privilege, will inherit what the mother did not possess. They will know by instinct the point or points at which the sting should be aimed; for, if they were still in the prentice stage, if they and their successors had to risk the chance that accident would tend gradually to strengthen the nascent impulse, they would be reverting to the chance so near allied to *nil*; they would revert to it year after year, for centuries to come; and yet the one and only favourable chance would have to be always offering. My faith is very much shaken in a habit acquired by this prolonged repetition of facts whereof not one can take place without excluding so many contrary probabilities. It is a simple matter of arithmetic to show the number of absurdities against which the theorists rush headlong.

Nor is this all. We should have to ask ourselves how casual actions, to which the animal was not predisposed by nature, can become the source of an hereditarily transmissible habit. We should look upon a man as a sorry wag who came and told us that the descendant of the *desmucador* knows the art of slaughtering cattle from A to Z merely through being the son of his father, without the aid of precept or example. The father does not use his blade just once or twice, by accident; he operates every day and scores of times a day; he goes to work with reflection. It is his business. Does this lifelong practice create a transmissible habit? Are the sons, the grandsons, the great-grandsons any the wiser without instruction? It has to start afresh each time. Man is not predisposed by nature to this butchery.

If, on her side, the Wasp excels in her art, it is because she is born to follow it, because she is endowed not only with tools, but also with the knack of using them. And this gift is primal, perfect from the outset: the past has added nothing to it, the future will add nothing to it. As it was, so it is and will be. If you see in it naught

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but an acquired habit, which heredity hands down and improves, then at least explain to us why man, who represents the highest stage in the evolution of your primitive plasma, is deprived of the like privilege. A paltry insect bequeathes its skill to its offspring; and man does not! What an immense advantage it would be to humanity if we who belong to it were less liable to see the worker succeeded by the idler, the man of talent by the idiot! Ah, why has not the protoplasm, evolving by its own energy from one being into another, kept also for us a little of that wonderful power which it has bestowed so lavishly upon the insect! The answer is that, apparently in this world, "cellular evolution" is not everything.

For these among many other reasons, I reject the modern theory of instinct. I see in it no more than an ingenious game, in which the arm-chair naturalist, the man who shapes the world according to his fancy, is able to take delight, but in which the observer, the man grappling with reality, fails to find a serious explanation of anything whatsoever that he sees.

In my own surroundings I notice that those who are most positive in the matter of these difficult questions are those who have seen the least. If they have seen nothing at all, they go to the length of rashness. The others, the timid ones, know, more or less, what they are talking about. Is it not thus likewise that things happen outside my modest environment?

Wayfarers

By Algernon Blackwood

I MISSED the train at Evian, and, after infinite trouble, discovered a motor that would take me, ice-axe and all, to Geneva. By hurrying, the connection might be just possible. I telegraphed to Haddon to meet me at the station, and lay back comfortably, dreaming of the precipices of Haute Savoie. We made good time; the roads were excellent, traffic of the slightest, when—crash! There was an instant's excruciating pain, the sun went out like a snuffed candle, and I fell into something as soft as a bed of flowers and as yielding to my weight as warm water. . . .

It was *very* warm. There was a perfume of flowers. My eyes opened, focussed vividly upon a detailed picture for a moment, then closed again. There was no context—at least, none that I could recall—for the scene, though familiar as home, brought nothing that I definitely remembered. Broken away from any sequence, unattached to any past, unaware even of my own identity, I simply saw this picture as a camera snaps it off from the world, a scene apart, with meaning only for those who knew the context:—

The warm, soft thing I lay in was a bed—big, deep, comfortable; and the perfume came from flowers that stood beside it on a little table. It was in a stately, ancient chamber, with lofty ceiling and immense open fireplace of stone; old-fashioned pictures—familiar portraits and engravings I knew intimately—hung upon the walls; the floor was bare, with dignified, carved furniture of oak and mahogany, huge chairs and massive cupboards; and there were latticed windows set within deep embrasures of grey stone, where clambering roses patterned the sunshine that cast their moving shadows on the polished boards. With the perfume of the flowers there mingled, too, that delicate, elusive odour of age—of wood, of musty tapestries in spacious halls and corridors, and of chambers long unopened to the sun and air.

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By the door that stood ajar far away at the end of the room—oh, how very far away it seemed—an old lady, wearing a little cap of silk embroidery, was whispering to a man of stern, uncompromising figure, who, as he listened, bent down to her with a grave and even solemn face. A wide stone corridor was just visible through the crack of the open door.

The picture flashed, and vanished. The numerous details I took in because they were well known to me already. That I could not supply the context was merely a trick of the mind, the kind of trick that dreams play. Darkness swamped vision again. I sank back into the warm, soft, comfortable bed of delicious oblivion. There was not the slightest desire to know; sleep and soft forgetfulness were what I craved.

But a little later—or was it a very great deal later?—when I opened my eyes again, there was a thin trail of memory. I remembered my name and age. I remembered, though vaguely, as from some unpleasant dream, that I was on the way to meet a climbing friend in the Alps of Haute Savoie, and that there was need to hurry and be very active. Something had gone wrong, it seemed. There had been a stupid, violent disaster, pain in it somewhere, an accident. Where were my belongings? Where, for instance, was my precious ice-axe—tried old instrument on which my life and safety depended? A rush of jumbled questions poured across my mind. The effort to sort them hurt atrociously. . . .

A figure stood beside my bed. It was the same old lady I had seen a moment ago—or was it a month ago, even last year perhaps? And this time she was alone. Yet, though familiar to me as my own right hand, I could not for the life of me attract her name. Searching for it brought the pain again. Instead, I asked an easier question; it seemed the most important somehow, though a feeling of shame came with it, as though I knew I was talking nonsense:

“My ice-axe—is it safe? It should have stood any ordinary strain. It’s ash. . . .” My voice failed absurdly, caught away by a whisper half-way down my throat. What *was* I talking about? There was vile confusion somewhere.

She smiled tenderly, sweetly, as she placed her small,

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cool hand upon my forehead. Her touch calmed me as it always did, and the pain retreated a little.

"All your things are safe," she answered, in a voice so soft beneath the distant ceiling, it was like a bird's note singing in the sky. "And *you* are also safe. There is no danger now. The bullet has been taken out and all is going well. Only you must be patient, and lie very still, and rest." And then she added the morsel of delicious comfort she knew quite well I waited for: "Marion is near you all day long, and most of the night besides. She rarely leaves you. She is in and out all day."

I stared, thirsting for more. Memory put certain pieces in their place again. I heard them click together as they joined. But they only tried to join. There were several pieces missing. They must have been lost in the disaster. The pattern was too ridiculous.

"I ought to tel—telegraph——" I began, seizing at a fragment that poked its end up, then plunged out of sight again before I could read more of it. The pieces fell apart; they would not hold together without these missing fragments. Anger flamed up in me.

"They're badly made," I said, with a petulance I was secretly ashamed of: "you have chosen the wrong pieces! I'm not a child—to be treated——" A shock of heat tore through me, led by a point of iron, blasting pain.

"Sleep, my poor dear Félix, sleep," she murmured soothingly, while her tiny hand stroked my forehead, just in time to prevent that pointed, hot thing entering my heart. "Sleep again now, and a little later you shall tell me their names, and I will send on horseback quickly——"

"Telegraph——" I tried to say, but the word went lost before I could pronounce it. It was a nonsense word, caught up from dreams. Thought fluttered and went out.

"I will send," she whispered, "in the quickest possible way. You shall explain to Marion. Sleep first a little longer; promise me to lie quite still and sleep. When you wake again, she will come to you at once."

She sat down gently on the edge of the enormous bed, so that I saw her outline against the window where the roses clambered to come in. She bent over me—or was it a rose that bent in the wind across the stone embrasure?

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I saw her clear blue eyes—or was it two raindrops upon a withered rose-leaf that mirrored the summer sky?

"Thank you," my voice murmured with intense relief, as everything sank away and the old-world garden seemed to enter by the latticed windows. For there was a power in her way that made obedience sweet, and her little hand, besides, cushioned the attack of that cruel iron point so that I hardly felt its entrance. Before the fierce heat could reach me, darkness again put out the world. . . .

Then, after a prodigious interval, my eyes once more opened to the stately, old-world chamber that I knew so well; and this time I found myself alone. In my brain was a stinging, splitting sensation, as though Memory shook her pieces together with angry violence, pieces, moreover, made of clashing metal. A degrading nausea almost vanquished me. Against my feet was a heated metal body, too heavy for me to move, and bandages were tight round my neck and the back of my head. Dimly, it came back to me that hands had been about me hours ago, soft, ministering hands that I loved. Their perfume lingered still. Faces and names fled in swift procession past me, yet without my making any attempt to bid them stay. I asked myself no questions. Effort of any sort was utterly beyond me. I lay and watched and waited, helpless and strangely weak.

One or two things alone were clear. They came, too, without the effort to think them:

There had been a disaster; they had carried me into the nearest house; and—the mountain heights, so keenly longed for, were suddenly denied me. I was being cared for by kind people somewhere far from the world's high routes. They were familiar people, yet for the moment I had lost the name. But it was the bitterness of losing my holiday climbing that chiefly savaged me, so that strong yearning returned upon itself unfulfilled. And, knowing the danger of frustrated yearnings, and the curious states of mind they may engender, my tumbling brain registered a decision automatically:

"Keep careful watch upon yourself," it whispered.

For I saw the peaks that towered above the world, and felt the wind rise from the hidden valleys. The perfume of lonely ridges came to me, and I saw the snow against the

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blue-black sky. I could not reach them. I lay, instead, broken and useless upon my back, in a soft, deep, comfortable bed. And I loathed the thought. A dull and evil fury rose within me. Where was Haddon? He would get me out of it if anyone could. And where was my dear, old trusted ice-axe? Above all, who were these gentle, old-world people who cared for me? . . . And, with this last thought, came some fairy touch of sweetness so delicious that I was conscious of sudden resignation—more, even of delight and joy.

This joy and anger ran races for possession of my mind, and I knew not which to follow: both seemed real, and both seemed true. The cruel confusion was an added torture. Two sets of places and people seemed to mingle.

"Keep a careful watch upon yourself," repeated the automatic caution.

Then, with returning, blissful darkness, came another thing—a tiny point of wonder, where light entered in. I thought of a woman. . . It was a very vehement, authoritative, commanding thought; and though at first it was very close and real—as much of To-day as Haddon and my precious ice-axe—the next second it was leagues away in another world somewhere. Yet, before the confusion twisted it all askew, I knew her; I remembered clearly, even where she lived; and that I knew her husband, too—had stayed with them in—in Scotland—yes, in Scotland. Yet no word in this life had ever crossed my lips, for she was not free to come. Neither of us, with eyes or lips or gesture, had ever betrayed a hint to the other of our deeply hidden secret. And, although for me she was *the* woman, my great yearning—long, long ago it was, in early youth—had been sternly put aside and buried with all the vigour nature gave me. Her husband was my friend as well.

Only, now somehow, the shock had strained the prison bars, and the yearning escaped for a moment full-fledged, and vehement with longing passion. The inhibition was destroyed. The knowledge swept deliciously upon me that we had the right to be together, because we always *were* together. I had the right to ask for her.

My mind was certainly a mere field of confused, un-governed images. No thinking was possible, for it hurt too vilely. But this one memory stood out with violence. I

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distinctly remember that I called to her to come, and that she had the right to come because my need was so peremptory. To the one most loved of all this life had brought me, yet to whom I had never spoken because she was in another's keeping, I called for help, and called, I verily believe, aloud:

"Please come!" Then, close upon its heels, the warning again: "I must keep close watch upon myself...!"

It was as though one great yearning had loosed the other that was even greater, and had set it free.

Disappearing consciousness then followed the cry for an incalculable distance. Down into subterraneans within myself that were positively frightening it plunged away. But the cry was real; the yearning appeal held authority in it as of command. Love gave the right, supplied the power as well. For it seemed to me a tiny answer came, but from so far away that it was scarcely audible. And names were nowhere in it, neither in answer nor appeal.

"I am here. I have never, never left you!"

The unconsciousness that followed was not complete, apparently. There was a memory of effort in it, of struggle, and, as it were, of searching. Someone was trying to get at me. I tossed in a troubled sea upon a piece of wreckage that another swimmer also fought to reach. Huge waves of transparent green now brought this figure nearer, now concealed it, but it came steadily on, holding out a rope. My exhaustion was too great for me to respond, yet this swimmer swept up nearer, brought by enormous rollers that threatened to engulf us both. The rope was for my safety, too. I saw hands outstretched. In the deep water I saw the outline of the body, and once I even saw the face. But for a second, merely. The wave that bore it crashed with a horrible roar that smothered us both and swept me from my piece of wreckage. In the violent flood of water the rope whipped against my feeble hands. I grasped it. A sense of divine security at once came over me—an intolerable sweetness of utter bliss and comfort, then blackness and suffocation as of the grave. The white-hot point of iron caught me. It beat audibly against my heart. I heard the knocking. The pain brought

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me up, and the knocking of my dreams was in reality a knocking on the door. Someone was gently tapping.

Such was the confusion of images in my pain-wracked mind, that I expected to see the old lady enter, bringing ropes and ice-axes, and followed by Haddon, my mountaineering friend; for I thought that I had fallen down a deep crevasse and had waited hours for help in the cold, blue darkness of the ice. I was too weak to answer, and the knocking for that matter was not repeated. I did not even hear the opening of the door, so softly did she move into the room. I only knew that before I actually saw her this wave of intolerable sweetness drenched me once again with bliss and peace and comfort, my pain retreated, and I closed my eyes, knowing I should feel that cool and soothing hand upon my forehead.

The same minute I did feel it. There was a perfume of old gardens in the air. I opened my eyes to look the gratitude I could not utter, and saw, close against me, the young and lovely face my worship had long made familiar. With lips that smiled their yearning and eyes of brown that held tears of sympathy, she sat down beside me on the bed. The warmth and fragrance of her atmosphere enveloped me. I sank away into a garden where spring melts magically into summer. Her arms were round my neck. Her face dropped down, so that I felt her hair upon my cheek and eyes. And then, whispering my name twice over, she kissed me on the lips.

"Marion," I said.

"Hush! Mother sends you this," she answered softly. "You are to take it all; she made it with her own hands. But I bring it to you. You must be quite obedient, please."

She tried to rise, but I held her against my breast.

"Kiss me again and I'll promise obedience always," I strove to say. But my voice refused so long a sentence, and anyhow her lips were on my own before I could have finished it. Slowly, very carefully, she disentangled herself, and my arms sank back upon the coverlet. I sighed in happiness. A moment longer she stood beside my bed, gazing down with love and deep anxiety into my face.

"And when all is eaten, all, mind, *all*," she smiled, "you are to sleep until the doctor comes this afternoon. You are much better. Soon you shall get up. Only,

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remember," shaking her finger with a sweet pretence of looking stern, "I shall exact complete obedience. You must yield your will utterly to mine. You are in my heart, and my heart must be kept very warm and happy."

Her eyes were tender as her mother's, and I loved the authority and strength that were so real in her. I remembered how it was this strength that had sealed the contract her beauty first drew up for me to sign. She bent down once more to arrange my pillows.

"What happened to—to the motor?" I asked hesitatingly, for my thoughts *would* not regulate themselves. The mind presented such incongruous fragments.

"The—the what?" she asked, evidently puzzled. The word seemed strange to her. "What is that?" she repeated, anxiety in her eyes.

I made an effort to tell her, but I could not. Explanation was suddenly impossible. The whole idea dived away out of sight. It utterly evaded me. I was talking nonsense. In its place my dream came up. I tried to tell her how I had dreamed of climbing dangerous heights with a stranger, and had spoken another language with him than my own—English, was it?—at any rate, not my native French.

"Darling," she whispered close into my ear, "the bad dreams will not come back. You are safe here, quite safe." She put her little hand like a flower on my forehead and drew it softly down the cheek. "Your wound is already healing. They took the bullet out several days ago. I have got it," she added with a touch of shy embarrassment, and kissed me tenderly upon my eyes.

"How long have you been away from me?" I asked, feeling exhaustion coming back.

"Never once for more than ten minutes," was the reply. "I watched with you all night. Only this morning, while mother took my place, I slept a little. But, hush!" she said, with dear authority again; "you are not to talk so much. You must eat what I have brought, then sleep again. You must rest and sleep. Good-bye, good-bye, my love. I shall come back in an hour, and I shall always be within reach of your dear voice."

Her tall, slim figure, dressed in the grey I loved, crossed silently to the door. She gave me one more look—there was

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all the tenderness of passionate love in it—and then was gone.

I followed instructions meekly, and when a delicious sleep stole over me soon afterwards, I had forgotten utterly the ugly dream that I was climbing dangerous heights with another man, forgotten as well everything else, except that it seemed so many days since my love had come to me, and that my bullet wounds would after all be healed in time for our wedding on the day so long, so eagerly waited for.

And when, several hours later, her mother came in with the doctor—his face less grave and solemn this time—the news that I might get up next day and lie a little in the garden, did more to heal me than a thousand bandages or twice that quantity of medical instructions.

I watched them as they stood a moment by the open door. They went out very slowly together, speaking in whispers. But the only thing I caught was the mother's voice, talking brokenly of the great wars. Napoleon, the doctor was saying in a low, hushed tone, was in full retreat from Moscow, though the news had only just come through. They passed into the corridor then, and there was a sound of weeping as the old lady murmured something about her son and the cruelty of Heaven. "Both will be taken from me," she was sobbing softly, while he stooped to comfort her; "one in marriage, and the other in death." They closed the door then, and I heard no more.

II.

Convalescence seemed to follow very quickly then, for I was utterly obedient as I had promised, and never spoke of what could excite me to my own detriment—the wars and my own unfortunate part in them. We talked instead of our love, our already too-long engagement, and of the sweet dream of happiness that life held waiting for us in the future. And, indeed, I was sufficiently weary of the world to prefer repose to much activity, for my body was almost incessantly in pain, and this old garden where we lay between high walls of stone, aloof from the busy world and very peaceful, was far more to my taste just then than wars and fighting.

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The orchards were in blossom, and the winds of spring showered their rain of petals down upon the long, new grass. We lay, half in sunshine, half in shade, beneath the poplars that lined the avenue towards the lake, and behind us rose the ancient grey-stone towers where the jackdaws nested in the ivy and the pigeons cooed and fluttered from the woods beyond.

There was loveliness everywhere, but there was sadness too, for though we both knew that the wars had taken her brother whence there is no return, and that only her aged, failing mother's life stood between ourselves and the stately property and château, there hid a sadness yet deeper than either of these thoughts in both our hearts. And it was, I think, the sadness that comes with spring. For spring, with her lavish, short-lived promises of eternal beauty is ever a symbol of passing human happiness, incomplete and always unfulfilled. Promises made on earth are playthings, after all, for children. Even while we make them so solemnly, we seem to know they are not meant to hold. They are made, as spring is made, with a glory of soft, radiant blossoms that pass away before there is time to realise them. And yet they come again with the return of spring, as unashamed and glorious as if Time had utterly forgotten.

And this sadness was in her too. I mean it was part of her and she was part of it. Not that our love could change to pass or die, but that its sweet, so long-desired accomplishment must hold away, and, like the spring, must melt and vanish before it had been fully known. I did not speak of it. I well understood that the depression of a broken body can influence the spirit with its poisonous melancholy, but it must have betrayed itself in my words and gestures, even in my manner too. At any rate, she was aware of it. I think, if truth be told, she felt it too. It seemed so painfully inevitable.

My recovery, meanwhile, was rapid, and from spending an hour or two in the garden, I soon came to spend the entire day. For the spring came on with a rush, and the warmth increased deliciously. While the cuckoos called to one another in the great beech-woods behind the château, we sat and talked and sometimes had our simple meals or coffee there together, and I particularly recall the occasion

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when solid food was first permitted me and she gave me a delicate young *bondelle*, fresh caught that very morning in the lake. There were leaves of sweet, crisp lettuce with it, and she picked the bones out for me with her own white hands.

The day was radiant, with a sky of cloudless blue; soft airs stirred the poplar crests; the little waves fell on the pebbly beach not fifty mètres away, and the orchard floor was carpeted with flowers that seemed to have caught from heaven's stars the patterns of their yellow blossoms. The bees droned peacefully among the fruit trees; the air full of musical deep hummings. My former vigour stirred delightfully in my blood, and I knew no pain, beyond occasional dull twinges in the head that came with a rush of temporary darkness over my mind. The scar was healed, however, and the hair had grown over it again. This temporary darkness alarmed her more than it alarmed me. There were grave complications, apparently, that I did not know of.

But the deep-lying sadness in me seemed independent of the glorious weather, due to causes so intangible, so far off that I never could dispel them by arguing them away. For I could not discover what they actually were. There was a vague, distressing sense of restlessness that I ought to have been elsewhere and otherwise, that we were together for a few days only, and that these few days I had snatched unlawfully from stern, imperative duties. These duties were immediate, but neglected. In a sense I had no right to this spring-tide of bliss her presence brought me. I was playing truant somehow, somewhere. It was *not* my absence from the regiment; that I know. It was infinitely deeper, set to some enormous scale that vaguely frightened me, while it deepened the sweetness of the stolen joy.

Like a child, I sought to pin the sunny hours against the sky and make them stay. They passed with such a mocking swiftness, snatched momentarily from some big oblivion. The twilights swallowed our days together before they had been properly tasted, and on looking back, each afternoon of happiness seemed to have been a mere moment in a flying dream. And I must have somehow betrayed the aching mood, for Marion turned of a sudden and gazed into my face with yearning and anxiety in the sweet brown eyes.

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"What is it, dearest?" I asked, "and why do your eyes bring questions?"

"You sighed," she answered, smiling a little sadly; "and sighed so deeply. You are in pain again. The darkness, perhaps, is over you?" And her hand stole out to meet my own. "You are in pain?"

"Not physical pain," I said, "and not *the* darkness either. I see *you* clearly," and would have told her more, as I carried her soft fingers to my lips, had I not divined from the expression in her eyes that she read my heart and knew all my strange, mysterious forebodings in herself.

"I know," she whispered before I could find speech, "for I feel it too. It is the shadow of separation that oppresses you—yet of no common, measurable separation you can understand. Is it not that?"

Leaning over then, I took her close into my arms, since words in that moment were mere foolishness. I held her so that she could not get away; but even while I did so it was like trying to hold the spring, or fasten the flying hour with a fierce desire. All slipped from me, and my arms caught at the sunshine and the wind.

"We have both felt it all these weeks," she said bravely, as soon as I had released her, "and we both have struggled to conceal it. But now——" she hesitated for a second, and with so exquisite a tenderness that I would have caught her to me again but for my anxiety to hear her further words—"now that you are well, we may speak plainly to each other, and so lessen our pain by sharing it." And then she added, still more softly: "You feel there is 'something' that shall take you from me—yet what it is you cannot discover nor divine. Tell me, Félix—all your thought, that I in turn may tell you mine."

Her voice floated about me in the sunny air. I stared at her, striving to focus the dear face more clearly for my sight. A shower of apple blossoms fell about us, and her words seemed drifting past me like those passing petals of white. They drifted away. I followed them with difficulty and confusion. With the wind, I fancied, a veil of indefinable change slipped across her face and eyes.

"Yet nothing that could alter feeling," I answered; for she had expressed my own thought completely. "Nor

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anything that either of us can control. Only—perhaps, that everything must fade and pass away, just as this glory of the spring must fade and pass away——”

“Yet leaving its sweetness in us,” she caught me up passionately, “and to come again, my beloved, to come again in every subsequent life, each time with an added sweetness in it too!” Her little face showed suddenly the courage of a lion in its amber eyes. Her heart was ever braver than my own, a vigorous, fighting soul. She spoke of lives, I prattled of days and hours merely.

A touch of shame stole over me. But that delicate, swift change in her spread too. With a thrill of horrid warning I noticed how it rose and grew about her. From within, outwards, it seemed to pass—like a shadow of great blue distance. Shadow was somewhere in it, so that she dimmed a little before my very eyes. The dreadful yearning searched and shook me, for I could not understand it, try as I would. She seemed going from me—drifting like her words.

“But when we shall no longer be here to know it,” I made answer quickly, yet as calmly as I could, “and when we shall have passed to some other place—to other conditions—where we shall not recognise the joy and wonder. When barriers of mist shall have rolled between us—our love and passion so made-over that we shall not know each other”—the words rushed out feverishly, half beyond control—“and perhaps shall not even dare to speak to each other of our deep desire——”

I broke off abruptly, conscious that I was speaking out of some unfamiliar place where I floundered, helpless among strange conditions. I was saying things I hardly understood myself. Her bigger, deeper mood spoke through me, perhaps.

Her darling face came back again; she moved close within reach once more.

“Hush, hush!” she whispered, terror and love both battling in her eyes. “It is the truth, perhaps, but you must not say such things. To speak them brings them closer. A chain is about our hearts, a chain of fashioning lives without number, but do not seek to draw upon it with anxiety or fear. To do so can only cause the pain of

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wrong entanglement, and interrupt the natural running of the iron links." And she placed her hand swiftly upon my mouth, as though divining that the bleak attack of anguish was again upon me with its throbbing rush of darkness.

But for once I was disobedient and resisted. The physical pain, I realised vividly, was linked closely with this spiritual torture. One caused the other somehow. The disordered brain received, though brokenly, some hints of darker and unusual knowledge. It had stammered forth in me, but through her it flowed easily and clear. I saw the change move more swiftly then across her face. Some ancient look passed into both her eyes.

And it was inevitable; I must speak out, regardless of mere bodily well-being.

"We shall have to face them some day," I cried, although the effort hurt abominably, "then why not now?" And I drew her hand down and kissed it passionately over and over again. "We are not children, to hide our faces among shadows and pretend we are invisible. At least we have the Present—the Moment that is here and now. We stand side by side in the heart of this deep spring day. This sunshine and all these flowers, this wind across the lake, this sky of blue and this singing of the birds—all, all are ours *now*. Let us use the moment that Time gives, and so strengthen the chain you speak of that shall bring us again together times without number. We shall then, perhaps, remember. Oh, my heart, think what that would mean—to remember!"

Exhaustion caught me, and I sank back among my cushions. But Marion rose up suddenly and stood beside me. And as she did so, another Sky dropped softly down upon us both, and I smelt again the incense of old, old gardens that brought long-forgotten perfumes, incredibly sweet, but with it an ache of far-off, passionate remembrance that was pain. This great ache swept over me like a wave.

I know not what grand change then was wrought upon her beauty, so that I saw her defiant and erect, commanding Fate because she *understood* it. She towered over me, but it was her soul that towered. The rush of internal darkness in me blacked out everything else. The familiar

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sky grew dim, the sunshine faded, the lake and flowers and poplars dipped away. Conditions a thousand times more vivid took their place. She stood out, clear and shining in the glory of an undressed soul, brave and confident with an eternal love that separation strengthened but could never, never change. The deep sadness I abruptly realised, was very little removed from joy—because, somehow, it was the condition of joy. I could not explain it more than that.

And her voice, when she spoke, was firm with a note of steel in it; intense, yet devoid of the wasting anger that passion brings. She was determined beyond Death itself, upon a foundation sure and lasting as the stars. The heart in her was calm, because she *knew*. She was magnificent.

"We are together—*always*," she said, and her voice seemed rich with the knowledge of unfathomable experience and distance, "for separation is temporary merely, forging new links in the ancient chain of lives that binds our hearts together." She looked like one who has conquered the adversity Time brings, by accepting it. "You speak of the Present as though our souls were already fitted now to bid it stay, needing no further fashioning. Looking only to the Future, you forget our ample Past that has made us what we are. Yet our Past is here and now, beside us at this very moment. Into the hollow cups of weeks and months, of years and centuries, Time pours its flood beneath our eyes. Time is our schoolroom. . . . Are you so soon afraid? Does not separation achieve that which companionship could never accomplish? And how shall we dare eternity together if we cannot be strong in separation first?"

I watched and listened, a flood of memories breaking up in me through film upon film and layer upon layer that had covered them.

"This Present that we seem to hold between our hands," she went on in that strange, distant voice, "*is* our moment of sweet remembrance that you speak of, of renewal, perhaps, too, of reconciliation—a fleeting instant when we may kiss again and say good-bye, but with strengthened hope and courage revived. But we may not stay together finally—we *cannot*—until long discipline and pain shall

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have perfected sympathy and schooled our love by searching, difficult tests that it may last for ever."

I stretched my arms out dumbly to take her in. Her face shone down upon me, bathed in an older, fiercer sunlight. The change in her seemed in an instant then complete. Some big, soft wind blew both of us ten thousand miles away. The centuries gathered us back together.

"Look, rather, to the Past," she whispered grandly, "where first we knew the sweet opening of our love. Remember, if you can, how the pain and separation have made it so worth while to continue. And be braver thence."

She turned her eyes more fully upon my own, so that their light persuaded me utterly away with her. An immense new happiness broke over me. I listened, and with the stirrings of an ampler, bigger courage. It seemed I followed her down an interminable vista of remembrance till I was happy with her among the flowers and fields of our earliest pre-existence.

Her voice came to me with the singing of birds and the hum of summer insects.

"Have you so soon forgotten," she sighed, "when we knew together the perfume of the hanging Babylonian Gardens, or when the Hesperides were so soft to us in the dawn of the world? And do you not remember," she went on, with a little rise of passion in her voice, "the sweet plantations of Chaldea, and how we tasted the odour of many a dropping flower in the gardens of Alcinous and Adonis, when the bees of olden time picked out the honey for our eating? It is the fragrance of those first hours we knew together that still lies in our hearts to-day, sweetening our love to this apparent suddenness. Hence comes the full, deep happiness we gather so easily To-day. . . . The breast of every ancient forest is torn with storms and lightning . . . that's why it is so soft and full of little gardens. But you have forgotten too easily the glades of Lebanon, where we whispered our earliest secrets while the big winds drove their chariots down those earlier skies . . . ?"

There rose an indescribable yearning of untold remembrance in my heart as I strove to bring the pictures into

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focus; but words failed me, and the hand I eagerly stretched out to touch her own, met only sunshine and the rain of apple blossoms.

"The myrrh and frankincense," she continued in a sighing voice that seemed to come with the wind from invisible caverns in the sky, "the grapes and pomegranates—have they all passed from you, with the train of apes and peacocks, the tigers and the ibis, and the hordes of dark-faced slaves? Does not this little sun that plays so lightly here upon our woods of beech and pine—does it bring back nothing of the old-time scorching when the olive slopes, the figs and ripening cornfields heard our vows and watched our love mature? . . . Our spread encampment in the Desert—do not these sands upon our little beach revive its lonely majesty for you, and have you forgotten the gleaming towers of Semiramis . . . or, in Sardis, those strange lilies that first tempted our souls to their divine disclosure . . . ?"

Conscious of a violent struggle between pain and joy, both too deep for me to understand, I rose to seize her in my arms. But the effort dimmed the flying pictures. The wind that bore her voice down the stupendous vista fled back into the caverns whence it came. And the pain caught me in a dreadful vice of agony so that I could not move a muscle. My tongue lay dry against my lips. I could not frame a word of any sentence. . . .

Her voice presently came back to me, but fainter, like a whisper from the stars; and the light dimmed everywhere; I saw no more the vivid, shining scenery. A mournful dusk instead crept down upon the world she had momentarily revived.

". . . we may not stay together," I heard her little whisper, "until long discipline shall have perfected sympathy, and school our love to last. For this love of ours is for ever, and the pain that tries it is as the heated furnace that fashions precious stones. . . ."

Again I stretched my arms out. Her face shone a moment longer in the fiercer sunlight, then faded very swiftly. The change, like a veil, passed over it. From the place of prodigious distance where she had been, she swept down towards me with such dizzy speed. As she was To-day I saw her again, more and more.

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"Pain and separation, then, are welcome," I tried to stammer, "and we will desire them"—but my thought got no further into expression than the first two words. Pain blotted out coherent utterance.

She bent down very close against my face. Her fragrance was about my lips. But her voice ran off like a faint thrill of music, far, far away. I caught the final words, dying away as wind dies in high branches of a wood. And they reached me this time through the droning of bees and of waves that murmured close at hand upon the shore.

"... For our love is of the soul, and our souls are moulded in Eternity. It is not yet, it is not now, our perfect consummation. Nor shall our next time of meeting know it. We shall not even speak. . . . For I shall not be free. . . ."

"You mean we shall not know each other?" I cried, in an anguish of spirit that mastered the lesser physical pain.

I barely caught her answer:

"My discipline then will be in another's keeping—yet only that I may come back to you . . . more perfect . . . in the end. . . ."

The bees and waves then cushioned her whisper with their humming. The trail of a deeper silence led them far away. The rush of temporary darkness passed and lifted. I opened my eyes. My love sat close beside me in the shadow of the poplars. One hand held both my own, while with the other she arranged my pillows and stroked my aching head. The world dropped back into a tiny scale once more.

"You have had the pain again," she murmured anxiously, "but it is better now. It is passing." She kissed my cheek. "You must come in. . . ."

But I would not let her go. I held her to me with all the strength that was in me. "I had it, but it's gone again. An awful darkness came with it," I whispered in her ear that was so close against my mouth. "I've been dreaming," I told her, as memory dipped away, "dreaming of you and me—together somewhere—in old gardens, or forests—only the sun was—"

But she would not let me finish. I think, in any case, I could not have said more, for thought evaded me, and any language of coherent description was in the same

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instant beyond my power. Exhaustion came upon me, that vile, compelling nausea with it.

"The sun here is too strong for you, dear love," I heard her saying, "and you must rest more. We have been doing too much these last few days. You must have more repose." She rose to help me move indoors.

"I have been unconscious then?" I asked, in the feeble whisper that was all I could manage.

"For a little while," she nodded. "You slept, while I watched over you."

"But I was away from you! Oh, how could you let me sleep, when our time together is so short?"

She soothed me instantly in the way she knew we both loved so. I clung to her until she released herself again.

"Not away from me," she smiled, "for I was with you in your dreaming."

"Of course, of course you were;" but already I knew not exactly why I said it, nor caught the deep meaning that struggled up into my words from such unfathomable distance.

"Come," she added, with her sweet authority again, "we must go in now. Give me your arm, and I will send out for the cushions. Lean on me. I am going to put you back to bed."

"But I shall sleep again," I said petulantly, "and be away from you."

"We shall dream together," she replied, as she helped me slowly and painfully towards the old grey walls of the Château.

III.

Half an hour later I slept deeply, peacefully, upon my bed in the big stately chamber where the roses watched beside the latticed windows.

And to say I dreamed again is not correct, for it can only be expressed by saying that I saw and knew. The figures round the bed were actual, and in life. Nothing could be more real than the whisper of the doctor's voice—that solemn, grave-faced man who was so tall—as he said, sternly yet brokenly, to someone: "You must say good-bye; you had better say it *now*." Nor could anything be

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more definite and sure, more charged with the actuality of living, than the figure of Marion, as she stooped over me to obey the terrible command. For I saw her face float down towards me like a star, and a shower of pale spring blossoms rained upon me with her hair. The perfume of old, old gardens rose about me as she slipped to her knees beside the bed and kissed my lips—so softly it was like the breath of wind from lake and orchard, and so lingeringly it was as though the blossoms lay upon my mouth and grew into flowers that she planted there.

"Good-bye, my love; be brave. It is only separation."

"It is death," I tried to say, but could only feebly stir my lips against her own.

I drew her breath of flowers into my mouth . . . and there came then the darkness which is final.

The voices grew louder. I heard a man struggling with an unfamiliar language. Turning restlessly, I opened my eyes—upon a little, stuffy room, with white walls whereon no pictures hung. It was very hot. An old woman was standing beside the bed, and the bed was too short. I stretched, and my feet kicked against the boarding at the end.

"Yes, he *is* awake," the old woman said in French. "Will you come in? The doctor said you might see him when he woke. I think he'll know you." She spoke in French. I just knew enough to understand.

And of course I knew him. It was Haddon. I heard him thanking her for all her kindness, as he blundered in. His French, if anything, was worse than my own. I felt inclined to laugh. I did laugh.

"By Jove! old man, this is bad luck, isn't it? You've had a narrow shave. This good lady telegraphed——"

"Have you got my ice-axe? Is it all right?" I asked. I remembered clearly the motor accident—everything.

"The ice-axe is right enough," he laughed, looking cheerfully at the old woman, "but what about yourself? Feel bad still? Any pain, I mean?"

"Oh, I feel all right," I answered, searching for the pain of broken bones, but finding none. "What happened? I was stunned, I suppose?"

"Bit stunned, yes," said Haddon. "You got a nasty

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knock on the head, it seems. The point of the axe ran into you, or something."

"Was that all?"

"That was all. But I'm afraid it's knocked our climbing on the head as well. Shocking bad luck, isn't it?"

"I telegraphed last night," the kind old woman was explaining.

"But I couldn't get here till this morning," Haddon said. "The telegram didn't find me till midnight, you see." And he turned to thank the old woman in his voluble, dreadful French. She kept a little pension on the shores of the lake. It was the nearest house, and they had carried me in there and got the doctor to me all within the hour. It proved slight enough, apart from the shock. It was not even concussion. I had merely been stunned. Sleep had cured me, as it seemed.

"Jolly little place," said Haddon, as he moved me that afternoon to Geneva, whence, after a few days' rest, we went on into the Alps of Haute Savoie, "and lucky the old body was so kind and quick. Odd, wasn't it?"

Something in his voice betrayed he hid another thought. I saw nothing "odd" in it at all, only very tiresome.

"What's its name?" I asked, taking a shot at a venture.

He hesitated a second. Haddon, the splendid climber, was not skilled in the delicacies of tact.

"Don't know its present name," he answered, looking away from me across the lake, "but it stands on the site of an old Château—destroyed a hundred years ago—the Château de Bellerive."

And then I understood my old friend's absurd confusion. For Bellerive was also the name of a woman I knew in Scotland—at least, it was her maiden name, and she was of French extraction.

The Gods in the Schoolhouse

By Maurice Hewlett

I LEFT the Grammar School at S——, at the age when boys usually go to their Harrow and Winchester, as well equipped, I daresay, as most boys of my years; for with the rudiments I had been fairly diligent, and with some of them even had become expert. I was well-grounded in Latin and French grammar, and in English literature was far ahead of boys much older than myself. Looking back now upon the drilling I had at S——, I consider it was well done; but I have to set against the benefits I got from the system the fact that I had much privacy and all the chance which that gives a boy to educate himself withal. My school hours limited my intercourse with the school world. Before and after them I could develop at my own pace and in my own way—and I did. I believe that when I went to my great school I had the makings of an interesting lad in me; but I declare upon my conscience that it was that place only which checked the promise for ten years or more, and might have withered it altogether.

My father was an idealist of 1851; he showed the enthusiasm and nursed in his bosom the hopes and beliefs of the promoters of the International Exhibition of that year. There was a plentiful planting of foreign stock in England after that, and one of its weedy saplings was an International Education Company, which out of a magniloquent prospectus and some too-confident shareholders bore one fruit, the London International College at Spring Grove. It never came to maturity, and is now dropped and returned to the ground of all such schemes. I suppose it had been on the stalk some fifteen years when I went to feed of it.

The scheme, in fact, sprang out of enthusiasm and had no bottom in experience. It may be true that all men are

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brothers, but it is not logical to infer from that that all brothers are the better for each other's society. The raw Brazilians, Chilians, Nicaraguans and what not who were drawn from their native forests and plunged into the company of blockish Yorkshire lads, or sharp-faced London boys, were only scared into rebellion, and to demonstration after their manner. They used the knife sometimes; they hardly ever assimilated; and they taught us nothing that we were the better of knowing. Quite the contrary. We taught them football, I think, and I remember a negro from Bermuda, a giant of a fellow, who raged over the ground like a goaded bull when that game was being played, to the consternation of his opponents. He had a younger brother with inordinately long arms, like a great lax ape, a cheerful, grinning, harmless creature as I remember him. He was a football player too; his hug was that of an octopus which swallowed you all. As for the English, in return for their football lore they received the gift of tobacco. I learned to smoke at fifteen from a Chilian called Perez, a wizened, preternaturally wise, old youth. Nobody in the world could have been wise as he looked, and nobody else in the school as dull as he really was. Over this motley assembly was set as house-master a ferocious Scotchman of great parts, but no discretion; and there were assistants, too, of scholarship and refinement, who, if they had had the genius of education, without which these things are nothing, might have put humanity into some of us. When it was past the time I discovered this, and one of them became my friend and helper. I then discovered the tragedy of our system from the other side. For the pain is a two-edged sword, and imbrues the breast of the pedagogue even while it bleeds the pupil to inanition. That poor man, scholar, gentleman, humorist, poet, as he was, held boys in terror. He misdoubted them; they made him self-conscious, betrayed him into strange hidden acts of violence, rendered him incapable of instruction except of the most conventional kind. All his finer nature, his humanism, was paralysed. We thought him a poor fool, and got a crude entertainment out of his antics. Actually he was tormenting in a flame; and we thought his contortions ridiculous. God help us all, how are we to get at each other, caged creatures as we are! But this is indeed

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a tragic business, and I don't want you to tear your hair.

I remained at Spring Grove, I think, four or five years, a barren, profitless time. I remember scarcely one gleam of interest which pierced for more than a few moments the thick gloom of it. The cruel, dull, false gods of English convention (for thought it is not) held me fast; masters and pupils alike were gaolers to me. I ate and drank of their provision and can recall still with nausea the sour, stale taste, and still choke with the memory of the chaff and grit of its quality. Accursed perverse generation! God forbid that any child of mine should suffer as I suffered, starve as I starved, stray where I was driven to stray. The English boarding-school system is that of the straw-yard where colts are broken by routine, and again of the farmyard where pups are walked. Drill in school, *laissez-faire* out of it. It is at once too dull and too indolent to recognise character or even to look for it; it recks nothing of early development or late; it measures young humanity for its class-rooms like a tailor, with the yard measure. The discipline of boy over boy is, as might be expected, brutal or bestial. The school-yard is taken for the world in small, and so allowed to be. There is no thought taken, or at least betrayed, that it is nothing more than a preparation for the world at large. There is no reason, however, to suppose that the International College was worse than any other large boarding-school. I fancy, indeed, that it was in all points like the rest. There were no traces in my time of the Brotherhood of Man about it. A few Portuguese, a negro or two were there, and a multitude of Jews. But I fancy I should have found the same sort of thing at Eton.

I was not in any sense suited to such a place as this; if I had been sent to travel it had been better for me. I was "difficult," not because I was stiff but because I was lax. I resisted nothing except by inertia. If my parents did not know me—and how should they?—if I did not know myself, and I did not, my masters, for their part, made no attempt to know me, nor even inquired whether there might be anything to know. I was unpopular, made no friends, did no good. My brother, on the other hand, was an ideal schoolboy, diligent, brisk, lovable, abounding in friendships, good at his work and excellent at his play. His

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career at Spring Grove was one long happy triumph, and he deserved it. He has a charming nature, and is one of the few naturally holy persons I know. Wholesome, thank God, we all are, or could be; pious we nearly all are; but holiness is a rare quality.

If I were to try and set down here the really happy memories which I have of Spring Grove they would be three. The first was the revelation of Greece which was afforded me by Homer and Plato. The surging music and tremendous themes of the poet, the sweet persuasion of the sophist were a wonder and delight. I remember even now the thrill with which I heard my form-master translate for us the prayer with which the *Phaedrus* closes: "Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place. . . ." Beloved Pan! My knowledge of Pan was of the vaguest, and yet more than once or twice did I utter that prayer wandering alone the playing field, or watching the evening mist roll down the Thames Valley and blot out the elm trees, thick and white, clinging to the day like a fleece. The third Iliad again I have never forgotten, nor the twenty-fourth; nor the picture of the two gods, like vulture birds, watching the battle from the dead tree. Nor, again, do I ever fail to recapture the beat of the heart with which I apprehended some of Homer's phrases: "sandy Pylos," Argos "the pasture land of horses," or "clear-seen" Ithaca. These things happened upon by chance in the dusty class-room, in the close air of that terrible hour from two to three, were as the opening of shutters to the soul, revealing blue distances, dim fields, or the snowy peaks of mountains in the sun. One seemed to lift, one could forget. It lasted but an instant; but time is of no account to the inner soul, of no more account than it is to God. I have never forgotten these moments of escape; nor can I leave Homer without confessing that his books became my Bible. I accepted his theology implicitly; I swallowed it whole. The Godhead of the Olympians, the lesser divinity of Thetis and Alpheios and Xanthos were indisputable. These beings were infinitely more real to me than the deities of my own land; and though I have found room for them also later on in life, it has not been by displacing the others. Nor is there any need for that, so far as I see. I say that out of Homer

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I took his Gods; I add that I took them instantly. I seemed to breathe the air of their breath; they appealed to my reason; I knew that they had existed and did still exist. I was not shocked or shaken in my faith, either, by anything I read about them. Young as I was and incipient, I was prepared for what is called the burlesque Olympus of the Iliad, so grievous to Professor Murray. I think I recognised then, what seems perfectly plain to me now, that you might as well think meanly of a God of Africa because the natives make him of a cocoanut on a stick, as of Zeus and Hera because Homer says that they played peccant husband and jealous wife. If Homer halted it is rash to assume that Hephaistos did. The pathetic fallacy has crept in here. Mythology was one of the few subjects I diligently read at school, and all I got out of it was pure profit—for I realised that the Gods' world was not ours, and that when their natures came in conflict with ours some such interpretation must always be put upon their victory. We have a moral law for our mutual well-being which they have not. We translate their deeds in terms of that law of ours, and it certainly appears like a standing fact of Nature that when the beings of one order come into commerce with those of another the result will be tragic. There is only a harmony in acquiescence, and the way to that is one of blood and tears.

Brooding over all this, I discerned dimly, even in that dusty, brawling place, and time showed me more and more clearly, that I had always been aware of the Gods and conscious of their omnipresence. It seemed plain to me that Zeus, whose haunt is dark Dodona, lorded it over the English skies and was to be heard in the thunder crashing about the elms of Middlesex. I knew Athené in the shrill wind which battled through the vanes and chimneys of our schoolhouse. Artemis was Lady of my country. By Apollo's light might I too come to be led. Poseidon of the dark locks girdled my native seas. I had had good reason to know the awfulness of Pan, and guessed that some day I should couch with Koré the pale Queen. I called them by these names, since these names expressed to me their essence: you may call them what you will, and so might I, for I had not then reasoned with myself about names. By their names I knew them. The Gods

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were there, indeed, ignorantly worshipped by all and sundry. Then the Dryad of an earlier experience came up again, and I saw that she stood in such a relation to the Gods as I did, perhaps, to the Queen of England; that she, no less than they, was part of a wonderful order, and the visible expression of the spirit of some Natural Fact. But whether above all the Gods and nations of men and beasts there were one God and Father of us all, whether all Nature were one vast synthesis of Spirit having innumerable appearance but one soul, I did not then stay to inquire, and am not now prepared to say. I don't mean by that at all that I don't believe it. I do believe it, but by an act of religion; for there are states of the individual mind, states of impersonal soul in which this belief is a positive truth, in the which one exults madly, or by it is humbled to the dust. Religion, to my mind, is the result of this consciousness of kinship with the principle of Life; all the emotion and moral uplifting involved in that tremendous certainty, and all the lore gathered and massed about it—this is Religion. Young as I was at the time I now speak of, ignorant and dumb as I was, I had my moments of exultation and humility,—moments so wild that I was transported out of myself. I left my body supine in its narrow bed and soared above the stars. At such times, in an æther so deep that the blue of it looked like water, I seemed to see the Gods themselves, a shining row of them, upon the battlements of Heaven. I called Heaven Olympus, and conceived of Olympus as a towered city upon a white hill. Looming up out of the deep blue arch, it was vast and covered the whole plateau: I saw the walls of it run up and down the ridges, in and out of the gorges which cut into the mass. It had gates, but I never saw forms of any who entered or left it. It was full of light, and had the look of habitancy about it; but I saw no folk. Only at rare moments of time while I hovered afar off looking at the wonder and radiance of it, the Gods appeared above the battlements in a shining row—still and awful, each of them ten feet high.

These were fine dreams for a boy of sixteen in a school-house dormitory. They were mine, though: but I dreamed them awake. I awoke before they began, always, and used to sit up trembling and wait for them.

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An apologue, if you please. On the sacred road from Athens to Eleusis, about midway of its course, and just beyond the pass, there is a fork in it, and a stony path branches off and leads up into the hills. There, in the rock, is a shallow cave, and before that, where once was an altar of Aphrodite, the ruins of her shrine and precinct may be seen. As I was going to Eleusis the other day, I stopped the carriage to visit the place. Now, beside the cave is a niche, cut square in the face of the rock, for offerings; and in that niche I found a fresh bunch of field flowers, put there by I know not what dusty-foot wayfarer. That was no longer ago than last May, and the man who did the piety was a Christian, I suppose. So do I avow myself, without derogation, I hope, to the profession; for no more than Mr. Robert Kirk, a minister of religion in Scotland in the seventeenth century, do I consider that a knowledge of the Gods is incompatible with belief in God. There is a fine distinction for you: I believe that God exists; I infer Him by reason stimulated by desire. But I know that the Gods exist by other means than those. If I could be as sure of God as I am of the Gods, I might perhaps be a better Christian, but I should not believe any less in the Gods.

I found religion through Homer: I found poetry through Milton, whose *Comus* we had read for examination by some learned Board. If any one thing definitely committed me to poesy it was that poem; and as has nearly always happened to me, the crisis of discovery came in a flash. We were all there ranked at our inky desks on some drowsy afternoon. The books lay open before us, the lesson, I suppose, prepared. But what followed had not been prepared—that some one began to read:—

“The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of Heav’n doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream—”

and immediately, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, it was changed—for me—from verse to poetry; that is, from a jingle to a significant fact. It was more than it appeared; it was transfigured; its implication was manifest.

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That's all I can say—except this, that, untried as I was, I jumped into the poetic skin of the thing, and felt as if I had written it. I knew all about it, "*e'l chi, e'l quale*"; I was privy to its intricacy; I caught without instruction the alternating beat in the second line, and savoured all the good words, *gilded car, glowing axle, Star that bids the shepherd fold*. Allay ravished me, young as I was. I knew why he had called the Atlantic stream *steep*, and remembered Homer's "*Στύγος ὕδατος αἰπὰ ῥέεθρα*." Good soul, our pedagogue suggested *deep*! I remember to this hour the sinking of the heart with which I heard him. But the flash passed and darkness again gathered about me, the normal darkness of those hateful days. "Sabrina fair" lifted it; my sky showed me an amber shaft. I am recording moments, the reader will remember, the few gleams which visited me in youth. I was far from the time when I could connect them, see that poetry was the vesture of religion, the woven garment whereby we see God. Love had to teach me that. I was not born until I loved. I doubt if anybody is.

My third happy memory is of a brief and idyllic attachment, very fervent, very romantic, entirely my own, and as I remember it, now, entirely beautiful. Nothing remains but the fragrance of it, and its dream-like quality, the sense I have of straying with the beloved through a fair country. Such things assure me that I was not wholly dead during those crushing years of servitude.

But those are, as I say, gleams out of the dark. They comfort me with the thought that the better part of me was not dead, but buried there with the worse. They point also to the truth, as I take it to be, that the lack of privacy is one of the most serious detriments of public school life. I don't say that privacy is good for all boys, or that it is good for any unless they are provided with a pursuit. It is true that many boys seek to be private that they may be vicious, and that the having the opportunity for privacy leads to vice. But that is nearly always the fault of the masters. Vice is due to the need for mental or material excitement; it is a crude substitute for romance. If a boy is debarred from good romance, because he doesn't feel it or hasn't been taught to feel it, he will take to bad. It is nothing else at all: he is bored. And remem-

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bering that a boy can only think of one thing at a time, the single aim of the master should be to give every boy in his charge some sane interest which he can pursue to the death, as a terrier chases a smell, in and out, up and down, every nerve bent and quivering. There is a problem of the teaching art which the College at Spring Grove made no attempt to solve while I was there. You either played football and cricket or you were negligible. I was bad at both, was negligible, and neglected.

I suspect that my experiences are very much those of other people, and that is why I have taken the trouble to articulate them, and perhaps to make them out more coherent than they were. We don't feel in images or think in words. The images are about us, the words may be at hand; but it may well be that we are better without them. This world is a tight fit, and life in it, as the Duke said of one day of his own life, is "a devilish close-run thing." If the blessed Gods and the legions of the half-gods in their habit as they live, were to be as clear to us as our neighbour Tom or our chief at the office, what might be the lot of Tom's wife, or what the security of our high stool at the desk? As things are, our blank misgivings are put down to nerves, our yearning for wings to original sin. The policeman at the street corner sees to it, for our good, that we put out of sight these things, and so we grow rich and make a good appearance. It is only when we are well on in years that we can afford to be precise and, looking back, to remember the celestial light, the glory and the freshness of the dream in which we walked and bathed ourselves.

The Fun of Genius

By Ford Madox Hueffer

THE merciless rain drilled small holes into the sodden sand-hills, and through the grey air there showed only a narrow expanse of a sea that appeared old beyond conception. It was as if the racing foam upon its surface were the ghosts of flames that had been dead for untold centuries. In this greyness, half a mile from the barely visible bungalows planted amongst the dunes, like a solitary flake of black, Wert Best, a miner's son who had risen to be honorary scholar of social economics in a Welsh College, appeared and disappeared amongst the smother with a slow resolution. The wind flapped his cape out from his shoulders and battered the soft brim of his hat over his brows, and as he went slowly along the verge of the sea he resembled a wind-driven crow, all black, seeking for dead things amid the flotsam of the sea.

He came to a dune one of whose sides had been shored up with bulks of timber like railway sleepers, and his clothing becoming tranquil in the shelter of this great mass of sand, he fumbled deliberately in the hidden pockets of his black cape. He produced a thing of grey, shining metal—a long revolver. He levelled it at one of the rusty nuts that held the bulkhead of sleepers together. He fired with great deliberation and with an unshaking hand.

The wind carried the sound of the shot far out to sea. A cleanly pierced hole showed itself about a foot to the right of the nut at which he had fired. With the same deliberation he fired again, and the new hole showed itself in the rough wood some inches nearer the rusted lump of iron. Once more he fired, and this time there was a hole just below the shoulder of the nut. He pushed the revolver back into the pocket beneath his cape, and approaching the grey wood of the sleepers, he fingered each of the holes with a close and as if scientific attention.

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Each was quite clean, each was nearly the size of a three-penny piece, and each had gone in very much deeper than his eye could plumb. He climbed arduously to the top of the high mound, for he desired to see whether the sound of firing had attracted any attention.

The wind caught his cape and whirled it furiously round his head. No one was coming from the half-hidden bungalows on his right; no one was coming from the coast-guard station that showed itself, little and white, a mile down the wind over the great hummocks of drift sand.

In the marshes inland no soul stirred, and the little flags of the golf links blew out here and there, stiff, like boards of red or white. In all the desolation nothing moved except the rushes, the low clouds that hurried over his head, and the grey sea.

The Scholar waded, descending again through the sands, and reached once more the shelter of the grey sleepers. He sat down clumsily and drew a book in a green-grey cover from the other pocket beneath his cape. He pushed up his hat brim from over his brows, and lovingly felt the sides, the back, and the speckled top of the volume. He opened the pages. With an expression of immense, of parental love, he read the title: "*The New Eugenics*," *A Plea for Social Reconstruction*. By *Wert Best, sometime Scholar of Llerdryssaint University*.

And, hunching his shoulders together, he began slowly to read his own book. He had toiled for six years at writing it, and it seemed that he could never read enough of it. The night fell, very slowly and desolately through the hurrying clouds. When it was much too dark to read any more, he closed his book and slowly scrambled to his feet. He did his best to square his shoulders and to gaze forbiddingly at the grey Universe that, as he considered, had misused him. He was thirty-one; he was nearly six feet high, very clumsily and misshapenly built; his brows were of very great breadth and set into a fixed scowl; his eyes were black and revengeful, and round his broad, sallow cheeks there was a fringe of black, curling beard. He scowled at the rain, at the racing clouds, at the livid and racing sea, and beneath the folds of his cape he fingered the copy of his book. It was to be published on the morrow, and on the morrow he would be dead. For

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he, Wert Best, the Scholar, was about to murder a man and a woman and afterwards to shoot himself through the brain.

He peered over the dune behind which he had so long taken shelter. In the distance friendly and tranquil lights from the little bungalows made a gentle blur through the hurrying spindrift. The wind that came down from that way was so strong that at times he had to fall on his hands and knees as he progressed amongst the coarse rushes.

He came nearer and nearer to the lights. At last his feet were upon short clipped turf—the short turf of little lawns near the sea. It had grown quite dark and he crept clumsily on tiptoe over the grass. In the shelter of the house the torment of the weather stilled itself. He stepped on to a little verandah, and passing the lighted window swiftly, he pressed his form against the weather boarding of the little house. He moved his head very cautiously sideways, and drawing the revolver with a mechanical stealthiness from his pocket he succeeded at last in peering into the room.

* * * * *

In the pleasant warmth of a deeply shaded lamp the two young people sat at dinner. The red shade cast a flush all over the room—over the bride's young shoulders, over the young man's bronzed face—and it accentuated the red cheeks of the housemaid who waited within so that they glowed like bright apples. They had been married that morning in the West of England and had made a dash across the breadth of the country for this place upon the East Coast, where there was excellent golfing and a very good summer hotel, whilst dotted all round it were little bungalows, each made to hold a married couple. They had their dinner served there, and when the servant went away they were alone for the night. Wert Best had been awaiting them since the night before.

The great gusts hurled themselves against the little house, and when they were silent the sound of the sea upon the beaches came through the frail wooden walls like a long complaint. But they were exceedingly merry, so that the isolation, the sea, and the heavy weather seemed all a matter for ceaseless small laugh and increases of intimacy. The housemaid went into the little hall to get new dishes

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from a porter, who wheeled them there in a large hot box; and suddenly the young girl, facing the darkling window panes, became a little rigid. Her eyes scrutinised one spot:

"A book!" she exclaimed. "I'm perfectly certain someone's holding a book near the windowpane."

Her husband, with his back to the window, laughed outrageously.

"It's there all the same," she affirmed.

He swung round from his chair and went towards the window, upon which the large shadow of his figure fell from the lamp.

"If I open the window," he said, "the roof will be blown right off."

". . . But no, it won't," he continued. "The wind is on the other side."

He slipped the French catch and pulled the window inwards, still laughing.

"What a night!" he said. "The sea's like phosphorus, for all it's so dark."

He was so convinced of the folly of his bride's idea that he did not trouble to look to right or left, but continued gazing at the rising foam. The door of the little room behind him opened and he heard the maid's voice talking to the porter.

He drew back and closed the window with the automatic instinct of a gentleman. The maid would have to go on working here: it would be inconsiderate to put into her head any idea of mysteries outside the windows of such a lonely place.

"It's a very wild night," he said, good-humouredly. "We had better have the curtains drawn."

"No," she answered, "it's only weakness. I don't like to give in to that sort of thing."

The maidservant moved round about the table; their knives and forks clicked on the plates, the rosy light shone upon all the little bright room. From time to time the young girl gazed fixedly at the window, her muscles appearing to stiffen slightly when she did so, but she said nothing more. The maidservant gathered up the dishes and plates upon her hands and arms. She handed them to the porter through the half-open door. Then she folded up the table-

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cloth and, hanging it over her arm, went out. They heard voices in the small hall, then the tremendous roar of wind as the cottage door opened; then again the slam of the door and a deep silence into which there crept gradually the sound of the sea upon the long beaches.

The bride sat with her bare young arms crossed upon the table. She looked downwards at her motionless fingers. Her husband walked round behind her and, bending down, pressed his lips for a long time upon her bare shoulder. She lifted up one of her hands with a friendly and confiding gesture and met his hand over her shoulder. She said nothing. He remained standing over her, looking down at an ornament like a golden butterfly that was half hidden in her light hair, and with a gay inanity he offered her a penny for her thoughts.

She said, slowly and abstractedly:

"I can't help thinking of that other man. He's been in my thoughts all dinner-time."

Her husband's brow creased slightly. "Oh, come!" he exclaimed, and he bent his head down till his cheek was against hers.

"It's wonderful to think, isn't it," she said, "of our coming down to meet each other through all the ages? It's like two very long lines coming closer and closer together and meeting in a point. And then how does it go on? That's what I can never understand."

"That man must have been an infernal brute!" her husband said. "What sort of an animal is it that tricks a young girl like you into a secret engagement and holds her to it? What was he? A coalminer's son? That was it. That sort of chap ought to be shot neatly through the head. They disturb the world."

"I don't think," she said slowly, "that you can judge him by just common standards. His mind never worked like any other man's that I have ever known. He was a genius. I was frightened of him. It was that sort of attraction."

"The brute ought to have released you from your engagement, if he was any sort of a gentleman, when he got chucked out of his job," her husband said. "I like to do even that low sort of fellow justice. When he had a chance of becoming a Professor, there was some excuse

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for his courting you. But when they turned him out of his scholarship for being heretical— Why, he lectured even against marriage, didn't he?"

"I don't think, you know," the young girl answered, "that he cared at all about gentleman-like ideas. He was funny, closed-up, reserved. I don't think he noticed anything much in the world but me and the book he was writing. And you must remember he certainly damaged his prospects in life in order to remain near me. They offered him an excellent Professorship in America, and I believe he never so much as answered the letter. I daresay he thinks that gave him some sort of claim."

Her husband straightened himself in an access of irritation.

"Claim!" he burst out. "What can give a ragged beggar a claim?"

Suddenly he straightened his shoulders.

"It looks extraordinarily like a book. Of course, it's only a reflection in the glass," he said musingly. "Yet it's as if somebody were trying to read by the light from inside here."

"Yes, I know," she answered slowly. "It's like a portent. It's like a reminder. I used to think—I used to think the book that Wert Best was writing was our only chance of getting married."

"What the devil do you mean?" her husband asked sharply. "What sort of nonsense is this?"

His eyes remained fixed upon the windowpane.

"I used to think," she began again, "I knew it—he said it many times that if he could get his book finished down to the last word and published before you and I were married, he would murder me. Don't you understand? He thought that if he did it before his book was published, they would suppress the book. I believe he loved it as much as he did me."

The young man suddenly exclaimed:

"My God!" and his eyes remained fixed and glassily set at the window-pane. "A man's looking in," he said. "It isn't a book, it's a face. My God, what is this?"

And appalled out of all instinct for action, he stood rigid, looking at the window, his white shirt-front gleaming towards the darkness of the night. In the stillness a mouse

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which had crept out of the corner ran swiftly to a large crumb lying beneath the table.

* * * * *

As he had crept on to the verandah, using instinctively a caution that the noise of the wind and of the tormented sea rendered altogether unnecessary, Wert Best had been filled by one single passion. It was as if that alone forced him along, as if he went to do a deed of vengeance—nay, to do a deed of justice—at the bidding of a law that was stronger than any will of his own. His own mind seemed to him to be an immense black cavern through which he crept with a sinister determination. He was determined to kill this woman; he thirsted to kill this woman; it was as if the knowledge that she were dead, and that alone, could give him solace from the terrible unrest at whose hands he suffered. And whilst he felt this hunger and thirst, he desired almost as hungrily to justify himself to his own conscience. The son of a Welsh Nonconformist miner, the language of justification was an immense part of the language in which his mind moved. "Vengeance is mine. I will repay"—these words spoke in the very marrow of his bones. This girl who had occupied all his thoughts for a whole six years had sinned against him. She had sinned against the strength, against the black and fiery dominance of his will. By the sheer strength of this will he had climbed up from being a little lad who pulled trucks about at the face of the pit workings, in the very bowels of the earth. He had climbed up from that to occupying the position which he considered made him one of the most eminent men in the world. He knew he was one of the most eminent men in the world, for had he not, as he considered it, solved the riddle of all knowledge? He alone of all men in the world had seen, had thought out, painfully and with an immense labour of consideration, the whole design of Providence on earth. He considered himself a prophet, unacknowledged, but ultimately to be known and worshipped to the very ends of the earth. And against the barbarous strength of his will this girl had set herself up. She was necessary to every thought of his life, and she had torn herself away to be wasted upon an empty, idle fop. This was sin; this

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was the immense sin which hardly blood, but that alone, could wash out.

He had intended to walk straight up to the window, to burst it open and then, standing vengefully with his back against the light for just long enough to be recognised—then he would fire, one shot at her, one shot at that fool, and the third through his own head. But in crossing past the window he had seen that the maidservant was in the room, and a moment later, by the sounds at the back of the house, he knew that it contained yet a fourth, an unknown person. With the instinctive caution of a wild beast, he desired to have no witness of his act. It was like a barbaric, an enormous shyness, for he had no desire to escape. His book, the great work of his life, was finished, was to be published on the morrow, and the report of his death could only enhance the enormous avidity with which it would be read, the enormous fame that would come to him. He desired, moreover, immensely, to kill these two while they were in each other's arms.

This was the image of shame and horror that had haunted all his night thoughts for so long now. But when, advancing his eyes with a stealthy, cat-like movement past the side of the window, he gazed into the room, he saw them sitting placidly at table whilst the maidservant with her white cap and apron stood attentively behind the girl's back. He had no desire to injure the maidservant; she was of his own class; she was not one of these Dead Sea swine. He drew back and leant against the weather-boarding of the wall, a black blot on the black night. He waited, and waited, hungry for his revenge, repeating incessantly:

"She will be dead in open sin."

Beneath his cloak he felt the edges of his book—his great testament to the world of which, during his waiting behind the sand dune, he had read nearly a quarter. The rain had wetted it as if there had been shed upon it the tears of an universe, and an intense mournfulness descended upon him at the thought of this desecration. He continued to finger its smooth cover aimlessly and caressingly.

There came upon him an overwhelming desire to read—to read his own words with which for so long the whole blood of his heart seemed to have been slowly formed. And it was with this imperative and unreasoning desire—

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a mania in its strength—that he held the book up towards the glow of the light. He kept his head pressed against the weather-boarding of the wall. By holding out the book in front of the window the light of the lamp fell upon it dimly. His head could not be seen. Yet he could read if he strained his eyes. And, as he caught hold of the argument at the place in which by chance the book had opened, the words came more and more easily into his consciousness. He had been writing of the cultivation of the human race—of perfecting human beings by breeding them as if they were show animals. This he called the New Eugenics. He had hit upon a passage which dealt with Genius.

“In all human societies,” he had written, “there have appeared at various ages certain individual phenomena who have been called at will prophets, seers, divine poets—in short, geniuses. To the proper cultivation of the healthier human animal—to produce which alone should be our end in life—these abnormal persons are always detrimental. In their personal actions they have always been erratic, and their admirers have cried out that they must be pardoned for their unsocial acts on account of their services to mankind. But their services to mankind have in themselves been crimes against humanity. By exciting enthusiasms, by upsetting the equipoise of normal thought, by setting up for normal, sane, and healthy society, standards of greatness which alone are unsocial and dangerous to the fabric of the Commonwealth as a whole—in this alone and always they mislead humanity. And of these Overmen or Geniuses we may consider Rousseau, who exposed his children, as a very typical instance, and so contemptuously dismiss these phenomena from our thoughts. . . .”

His own words fell like an opiate upon his tortured mind. He read on and on. Suddenly the page was obscured before his eyes. The latch of the window creaked close to his ear, which was pressed against the woodwork. He shrank back, effacing himself against the weather-boarding so that he was nothing but a black shadow in all the shadows. The upper half of a man's form leant from the window, the eyes straining into the night, straight out towards the sea. Wert Best held the heavy revolver, which

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had never left his grasp since he had been on the verandah within three handbreadths of the shining white shirt-front that alone protected this man's heart from the dangerous night. A voice came from the man's lips:

"What a night it is! The sea is like phosphorus, for all it's so dark."

Wert Best's heart began to beat with great thunderous gouts, yet he thought very clearly:

"If I shoot this man now, the woman will escape."

Then, after the sound of an opening door, he heard the voices of the maidservant and the porter. It was not yet time to fire, unless the man looked in his direction. He remained still, retaining his breath, the revolver poised. After a time the man drew his head straight back into the room. The window closed.

For a long time Wert Best remained, panting and utterly in disarray as if he had run for a very great distance. Then slowly his thoughts returned to the old groove. This woman must die, for she had sinned against him (who was a great man, a prophet, a seer, the possible redeemer of mankind, a genius). The word came to him like an echo of something he had heard a long time ago. He was a genius, alike in his obscurity, in his intolerable struggles, in the neglect which the world had vouchsafed him, in his lowly origins and his enormous achievement. Half mechanically he raised again his book to the light of the window. He had the scholar's necessity for something to read while he waited, and the intense desire to read the last few pages which he had written, as he remembered in a sort of ecstasy. The thought of their cadences thrilled him like the thought of a woman's kisses, or a woman's breast.

"What, then, is Sin?" he read on the dim page. "Sin is that which militates in an organised way against such great and glorious unions as tend towards the fitting propagation of humanity. All marriage laws which tend to tie together those who have conceived a disgust one for the other are Sin, for they sin against the future of the race. And he, too, sins who seeks to bind another to him against her will. As the deplumed cock, as the base and abashed bull that is beaten in contest, so is one of these hungry creatures that would seek to destroy a union based upon this true desire. There is no man so base as he who,

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gazing upon such a warmth from his outer darkness, should seek to dimn it by the mere breath of a darkling thought. This man alone is impotent, this man alone is wholly base. And of him indeed it was prophetically said that it were better that a millstone were put about his neck and he were cast into the deep sea—into that sea which is more fell and bitter than the grave. . . .”

A great elation filled the mind of this lonely man; in the darkness and with proud eyes, his head erect, he gazed at the hungry phantoms of the white foam as it raced across the sea that stood up before his eyes like a dark wall. Its deep note came to his ears, rustling and calling to him unceasingly.

“My message to the world,” he said. “That is my message to the world. And surely it is good enough for one man’s achievement!”

Without more thought, automatically he stepped along the verandah, and, turning his back upon the sea, gazed into the glowing room. The woman was leaning upon the table looking downwards. One of her hands, reaching up over her shoulders, held the hand of the man behind her. The light was full upon them. Suddenly both their faces stiffened. The eyes of both of them gazed into his eyes. There was in neither of their glances any hostility, any horror, or even any fear. He thought, in his black and crazed vanity, that they looked towards him with a sort of baffled wonder, as if they were two children questioning a great, an insoluble secret. He imagined that they looked up to him as to something enormous, solemn, and mysterious.

His hands, holding the one a revolver and the other a book, dropped suddenly at his side. In a sudden flush of gigantic, of overwhelming satisfaction he felt himself to be a great God, a great pardoner. He had their lives in his hands, and they acknowledged it. He felt himself about to be no longer an outcast; he was acting under the behests of his own message to the world. He was the final benefactor of mankind!

And with great tears scalding his cheeks he waved suddenly the hand that held the book towards those two within the room.

He threw into this gesture the feeling of a conqueror

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who relinquishes his vengeance in the moment of his triumph. Then, turning, he ran down the little steps of the verandah, across the thin, shaven turf of the little lawn. On the heavy sand his feet stumbled clumsily, but he ran on towards the sea that raced, white and clamorous, through the black night—because, although he felt himself to be a great conqueror he knew himself also to feel like the deplumed cock and the base and abashed bull that is beaten in contest. And that thought was very bitter to him.

Five years later Professor Wert Best, the President of the Omaha Kai University for Women, presided at a heresy trial that had been instituted against one of his sub-Instructors in Metaphysics. Later he received a wreath of roses imitated in electro-silver as a recognition of his services to Orthodox Eugenics, of which his University made a special study. He had married a middle-aged widow, who had much modified his earlier views, and had taken Holy Orders. The sea on the earlier night had been too wet.

The other woman, having borne up as well as she could against the shock, had given birth to a dead child. For the moment she is in an asylum. My friend who told me this story and who possesses a somewhat sardonic humour says that it is offerings such as these that genius exacts when it is out for a little fun. But it was no doubt a considerable and possibly a valuable principle that Mr. Best discovered and tried to act upon.

Art for Life's Sake

By Arthur Ransome

It is not yet fifty years since one or two men of genius, followed presently by a score of men of talent, noisier, shriller in voice than themselves, preached a theory of art new in this country, shocking to our prejudices at that time, and imported from some French artists and from a German philosopher. This was the doctrine of art for art's sake. Baudelaire had written: "Poetry . . . has no other end than itself; it can have no other, and no poem will be so great, so noble, so truly worthy of the name of a poem, as that which has been written solely for the pleasure of writing a poem." Whistler, that butterfly of letters, who had borrowed his sting from the wasp, directed it with gay despair against the granite face of the British public. Rossetti and, with certain qualifications, Pater, illustrated the theory in their practice, as Whistler did also; and Wilde, a little later than they, remarked: "All art is quite useless," and "There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written or badly written. That is all."

With this doctrine of art for art's sake we are now dissatisfied. We object to it, not for the sake of "morality," against which it was partly directed, nor yet for the sake of "nature," but for the sake of art, whose function it limits rather than glorifies. We have seen the school of art, if we may speak of a school of art, that carried the banner on which those words were inscribed, tire and fall away as the nineteenth century drew to its close, until now the tattered banner, with words almost illegible, is carried only by a schoolboy, who joined the procession late and marches on, unconscious that the parade is over, that he is marching alone, and that nobody is looking at him. Yet the demonstration was successful; its promoters, who stitched the banner with gaiety, hope, and defiance, themselves painted

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and wrote fine things, and men are working to-day whose work would have been impossible if, in the course of its march, that small, daring procession had not walked seven times round a city of Jericho and blown silver trumpets under its walls.

Some battle-cries are no more than an irrelevant but inspiriting noise. Most of them, however, are related to something fought for (St. George and Merry England!), something that, it is hoped, will superintend the fight (God with us!), or something that is fought against (A bas Marat!). The knight who shouted, "Two red roses across the moon" on a sultry day when—

"... the battle was scattered from hill to hill
From the windmill to the watermill."

may have been incomprehensible to his enemies, but was not incomprehensible to himself, and "Art for Art's sake!" forty and fifty years ago, a surprising, rather ridiculous phrase in the ears of the early Victorians who then survived, was something very different for the men who were fighting to destroy a petrified mental attitude towards art in general. We must first understand what they fought against before we have the right to speak of the meaning of their battle-cry.

They fought, primarily, against a moral valuation of art. They fought, secondly, against "nature" . . . against, that is to say, a crude conception of the relation between nature and art; against, to put that crude conception in its crudest form, the supposition that he who looked at a picture could find something in the external world, by its resemblance to which the picture should be judged. It would be a fascinating task to show that the too faithful imitation of external things is an impediment to the highest functions of art, and, on the other hand, that imitation in some kind, in some degree, is an essential part of that function. But I do not wish to be tempted into discussion of the true relation between art and nature, though a solution of that problem will, perhaps, suggest itself to those who read this paper to its end. I am here chiefly interested in art's relation to ourselves. Nature for the moment is outside the discussion, though, in justice to the artists for art's sake,

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I must point out that their revolt was not against "morality" alone. When we hear Wilde's gay proclamation that "Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life," we must take care to hear also, from Whistler, more serious, that "Nature contains the elements, in colour and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music," and that the artist "in all that is dainty and lovable . . . finds hints for his own combinations, and thus is Nature ever his resource and always at his service, and to him is nought refused." We must not imagine that the revolt was merely playful.

Against "nature" and against "morality." In an age when the painter of "Derby Day" assisted Ruskin by saying that he could not "see anything of the true representation of water and atmosphere in the painting of "Battersea Bridge," they upheld the superiority of art to "nature." In an age when Dickens was praised for his reforms of the workhouse and blamed for his love of low life, when novelists were judged by the deeds, no, by the manners of the persons of their fiction, when poets were judged by their private lives, they protested the irrelevance of all these things to the question at issue, which was the goodness or badness of the work of art to be judged. We must not blame their formula, but the ideas against which it was directed for the bad manners, the morality that they hoped would be regarded as immorality, for the unpublishable private lives that were the excesses after victory. We may, perhaps, smile as we observe how accurately they balance those other excesses against which they were a reaction.

The question, no longer how to conquer, became how to use the victory, and we had the common spectacle of veterans and retired camp-followers trying to live up to the battle-cry of their youth, and, unable to free themselves from the habit of their excesses, committing those excesses with less and less gusto and more and more skill. But skill, even so acquired, is not valueless. The battle-cry, after opening a primrose path to charlatans, after turning "morality" into "immorality" as a spectre ruling over art, remained the stimulus to an improved technique, a scrupulousness, an economy of effect, a delicacy in the handling of material, a care for melody and counterpoint,

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an intolerance of careless workmanship, for which for a long time it will be our privilege to be grateful.

Art, however, cannot live by perfection of technique alone, nor yet by the repetition of remembered excesses. A new generation of artists, working in a new environment, inspired by new aims, and threatened by new dangers, requires a new formula, or a restatement of the old. These artists of our own generation look at the faded banner with the remains of reverence, or, in their dislike of the mistakes it made possible, with a suspicion of contempt. In the turbulence of valuations in this century, in the different, sharply defined attitudes of men on such questions as property, labour, capital, the position of women in the State, marriage, education, the Church, they see a herd of conflicting moralities. Involved in one or other of these conflicts, perhaps in many of them, they cannot but believe, suspect, or hope that art also must speak for or against, as tribune or as patrician, as Churchman or as secularist, and, if the conflict be important to them, the excellence of an artist must seem to be determined, at least in part, by the views that he expresses. How then can art "have nothing to do with morality"? They are, however, sufficiently critical to see that it is possible that a work of art may be good for a democrat, bad for an aristocrat, and yet, somehow, good in itself. Was there something in "Art for Art's sake" after all?

Of the men whose names I mentioned in the first paragraph of this essay one had founded his views on those of a philosopher, and so, whatever may be his rank among those dogmatists, we are able to examine the background of reasoning on which he saw his own dogmatic statements. It is in that reasoning, and not in the cheerful taunts of the battlefield, that we are likely to learn how it was that the formula of "Art for Art's sake" seemed to be justified, and how it is that the formula is fundamentally inadequate. Baudelaire's proclamation, Pater's practice, Whistler's blue-feathered, silver-tipped darts point us to no analysis. The analysis that made Wilde's paradoxes possible is open to our view in the pages of Kant.

Now Kant said that what was called beautiful was the object of a delight apart from any interest, and showed that charm, or intimate reference to our circumstances or

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possible circumstances, so far from being a criterion of beauty, was a disturbing influence upon our judgment. Upon our judgment of what? The beautiful. How many crimes has that word committed, how many discussions it has obscured, how many it has closed at the very moment of their fertility! Not the least of its knaveries has been its substitution of a condition of art for the function of art, which, as I hope to show, is life itself. A work of art suggests the achievement of the beautiful. That may be its immediate object. It is not its ultimate object. It may be an essential condition. It is not a function. Art for art's sake means the substitution of condition for function, and, as the beautiful can never be a function of anything, the implicit denial that art has a function at all. "All art is quite useless."

But that is not what we believe. And the reason why the theorists of art for art's sake were both right and wrong was that they did not want art for the sake of anything irrelevant to the artistic phenomenon, but were a little ungenerous in their interpretation of that phenomenon. They saw that moralities, private lives, reforms, interests, had nothing to do with the attempted achievement of the condition of the beautiful, but, having seen that, forgot, in their hurry for battle, that the work of art persists beyond this achievement or attempted achievement; forgot that, will he, nill he, the artist's work cannot but bear the impress of his personality, and forgot that through that fact all the things they wished to rule out of the discussion had their rightful place in it.

The question is, What is their rightful place? And to answer it we must first satisfy ourselves as to the nature of the artistic phenomenon.

A work of art is a collaboration between two artists, whom, for purposes of reference, I shall call the speaker and the listener. But, before it is a collaboration, a recreation, in which form we commonly know it, it is an independent act performed by the speaker alone. He, as first creator, isolates some from the flux of impressions in which he lives. It is as if he were to arrest that flux, and momentarily to stop its flow. He holds back the sun and the moon in their courses, and, for a moment, the world stands motionless before him, embodied in the dominating

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impressions given him by a single moment of its and his existence. This one moment he disentangles from all others; the world, the universe, at that moment, for him, he fashions into a memory, clearer than life, and owing its clarity to his refusal to allow it to have a before or an after, an above or a below, other than those which itself implies. He isolates that moment with its implications. The resulting clarity is as if he had suddenly stopped the cross-currents of a stream, and the stream, losing the opaqueness of its tangled motion, had become crystal. He isolates that moment by surrounding it with his own consciousness, while other moments fly past taking with them shreds of that tattered veil, no more. . . . There is a choice of moments, and because the choice is not reasonable, but determined by the moment itself, the speaker feels himself inspired. That which attracts him, seduces him, compels him to catch it as it passes and hold it fast instead of letting it break free and join the myriad others with their worthless trophies of incomplete comprehension, is a moment whose impressions present themselves as melody, gesture, words, shape, or ordered colour, or the promise of such. Two bars are heard as it goes by, a significant arm swings out of the flood, a jumble of words, like those of a sleeper, startle his mind, the ghost of an unpainted picture wakes his eyes. . . . These things are pledges. He seizes them and, warily, lest he lose it, listens for the rest of the melody, watchfully draws out of the flood the figure whose gesture had seemed to be the moment itself, pieces the brittle words together, and shapes the picture in his brain. He allows the moment to redeem the pledge it has given, his care being not to impede it by forestalling its further appearance with something contradictory to the original fragment, something that the character of that fragment has not determined. He seeks only to be true to the original promise, and the good artist is known by the fact that it is impossible to tell with what he began, the bad artist by the fragment he has surrounded with baser metal that does not ring with its note, the phantom whose vitality he has blurred by clothing it with flesh uninformed by its peculiar vitality.

The process of the speaker in the first creation of a work of art is a process of finding out. He is engaged in *knowing*

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the uttermost implications of the fragment of impression caught by him from the flux of unconscious or semi-conscious life. He is making the whole of that impression his own by his profound, his complete consciousness of it. That is why the artist can never understand those people, not artists, who ask him how he can prefer art to life; imitation to the real thing. He cannot believe that such people mean what they say. In his humility he assumes that they too have the modesty to admit to themselves that their life is unconscious, or semi-conscious, and he believes that this process of *knowing*, of becoming conscious, is the intensest form of living that there is.

Then, when the work of art is as we know it, we, the listener, collaborate with that other artist, the speaker, and from what he has said, in stone, music, paint or words, try to reconstruct the fragment of life that he has made his own and to share his consciousness of it. Accurately speaking, this is impossible. We become conscious of a moment of life different from his. We cannot give his words the precise atmosphere they had for him, we cannot see with exactly his eyes, or hear with his ears, we are without his private and individual memory. We can but be inaccurate translators. We can, however, perceive, uncertainly, that he has been successful himself in allowing a moment of life to redeem the pledge it had given him, that his work does not contradict itself, and so is true to the original inspiration bedded in it or clothed by it. And this perception suggests to us that, if it were possible, we should find, certainly, what we already believe, that his share in the collaboration is perfect. We then say that a work of art is beautiful; the wistfulness with which we sometimes say it, the tears that sometimes dim our eyes as we close a book or turn from a picture that we believe to be beautiful, and the sadness that has often been associated with the name of beauty, are due to the half-conscious knowledge that our share in the collaboration is imperfect, since we can never stand exactly where he stood.

Our judgment of the beautiful then depends on our belief that, were certain unalterable facts altered in the constitution of the universe and of ourselves, we should be sharing a perfect expression, an expression, that is to say, in perfect unity with itself. Art then for art's sake, perfec-

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tion of expression first. But what is this expression in perfect unity with itself but a moment of conscious living, isolated from all else, lifted from the unconscious flux and given us—to live.

Let us re-write the half-obliterated formula. Let us write it now : Art for Life's sake, and raise a party cry from its momentary usefulness into a proud suggestion of the noble function of art. This function is not merely to teach us how to act, as was supposed by the old critics who recommended Homer for the heroism of his heroes, though, as we shall see, they were not wholly wrong, nor yet merely to teach us how to order our lives, though it may do that by suggestion. Art is itself life. Its function is to increase our consciousness of life, to make us more than wise or sensitive, to transform us from beings overwhelmed by the powerful stream of unconscious living to beings dominating that stream, to change us from objects acted upon by life to joyful collaborators in that reaction. By its means we become conscious gainers by life's procreative activity. No longer hiding our faces from that muddied storm that sweeps irresistibly from the past to the future, a medley of confused figures, a babel of cries of joy, of laughter, of sorrow, of pain, by its means we lift our heads, and, learning from the isolation of moments in eternity to imagine the isolation of all such moments, we conquer that storm, and accept pain, joy, laughter or sorrow, with equal gratitude, in our continually realised desire to feel ourselves alive.

Let us examine from this point of view the fundamental quarrel between the theorists of "Art for Art's sake" and the moralists. What are their respective beliefs?

The Moralist.—The noblest end of being is to be good. All human activities must serve this end or be pernicious. Art, the most eloquent, the most powerful of pleaders, cannot, without violating the trust that humanity puts in her, turn devil's advocate. Let the artist be as skilful an artist as he can, but let him make a right use of his excellence. In peace we ask no more of a good shot than that he hit the bull's-eye of a target. But we live in times of war between the hosts of good and of evil. The fight is to the death, and we admire the good shot if he fire from among the ranks of angels, and fear him if we see

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that his skill is at the service of our opponents, who in age-long battle have shown themselves merciless and strong.

The Artist for Art's sake.—Morality in art is an accident of no importance. We hear the battle of which you speak, but do not take part in it, though we listen sometimes to the music of its trumpets far away, and see the red glow it throws up to the sky. But morality concerns our circumstances or possible circumstances, and so has nothing to do with the beautiful, which is art's sole concern. A work of art that declares its sympathy with one or other party to your battle is one whose creator has looked aside to ends other than beauty. It is therefore a failure as a work of art. Art must not be limited to edifying subjects. There is nothing that may not become beautiful in the hands of an artist. Church and lupanar, angel and courtesan, are of equal value in his eyes. They are material, no more, and he will not tolerate that morality should hamper him by dictating the choice or use of his material. A work of art is independent of morality.

To these two we reply, believing that art is for life's sake.—When a man tells you that his work of art has nothing to do with morality, ask him, With whose morality has it nothing to do? He will be compelled to admit that the morality of which he is thinking is the morality he attributes to somebody else. Morality is a code of values, differing in each individual, and dictated to each individual by his character and his environment. No artist, no human being, escapes morality, and the code of values that is his will be one of the determining influences on an artist's vision of life. If, perchance, he is so uncritical as to believe that he has nothing to do with morality, that belief will itself share in giving his work a moral value. There is no escape from morality in art. If, therefore, we choose to consider ourselves as one of a band of people whose moralities are more or less similar, and to regard their average morality, their average code of values as important, we shall be perfectly justified in judging art by what we suppose to be its effect on that average morality. But we must not forget that we are then regarding artists as a regiment from which we are engaged in picking out the

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traitors and the loyalists—and that it is a regiment whose immediate business is not war, a regiment which does not know that it is enlisted.

Let us now consider the nature of the moral influence which the speaker exerts upon the listener. It will not be surprising if we find that it has a direct bearing upon the point under discussion.

The artist whose moment of conscious living is the work of art cannot alter his personality without disloyalty to the moment of life that under his hands is simultaneously becoming conscious and becoming expression. His personality, and with it his morality, is already involved; any dishonesty blurs his vision, and the crystal whose increasing clarity was his delight becomes for ever opaque. Here and nowhere else must we find the origin of the artist's distrust of morality. He means by it not "morality," but any morality other than his own at the time of artistic creation or *knowing*. A work of art is always the expression of *a* morality, the morality of its creator at the moment when he began its creation, a morality that has ceased to exist, since its creator has been changed to a greater or less degree by the very fact of its creation. Returning to our metaphor of speaker and listener, we may say that the listener, who tries as nearly as possible to share the moment of conscious life that was the speaker's, to stand where he stood, and think what he thought, does, in contemplation of the work of art, share to some extent in the morality, that momentary morality we have described, of another man.

Besides this fundamental morality of a work of art, it may hold other moralities which are also not without their influence. Codes of values may themselves be the material of artistic creation. A code of values foreign to the speaker may enter into the moment of conscious life that is his work of art. Plato and Socrates were different men with different moralities. The Socrates of Plato's Dialogues, however Platonized, is not Plato, and, as well as the fundamental morality of those dialogues, the morality of those speeches which are supposed to be Socratic has its separate influence upon us. Anatole France plays with the Abbé Jérôme Coignard, and with Jacques Tournebroke, and beside the morality of *La Rôtisserie de la*

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Reine Pédaque, we are offered these other moralities included in it and ruled by it.

There would seem to be little else but morality in art, and its influence would seem to be so largely as to be almost exclusively moral. But observe what actually happens. Have you not noticed, in reading a book, that you insensibly pick out and offer to your digestion those of the accidental moralities in it that seem to be cousins of your own? You linger over the sayings of Coignard, if you feel that in some mood or other you could have said them. You accept with gratitude the follies, the humours of M. Bergeret, if you recognise in him a kinship, however distant, with yourself. In listening to a play you side, at least in simpler moods, with the character whose code of values approximates to that by which you are in the habit of weighing your actions and those of others. These minor judgments are independent of your judgment of the work of art, though here too a similar instinct bids you prefer those artists in whom you recognise, let us say, the full development of some one possibility that your personality contains. And since our temperament thus picks and chooses among the moralities that art offers, because it is like Paracelsus' alchemist, situate in the stomach of man, digesting the food that is good for him and rejecting the poison, art does not so much alter our morality as increase our consciousness of it. It is an individualising influence on morality, essentially hostile to the averaging of codes of values. It seeks uniqueness, not uniformity, and so does not so much spread moralities abroad as cherish and grow to their full strength the moralities it finds among its listeners. In this sentence the moralists and the artists for art's sake come to an understanding.

Leaving now the question of its moral influence, let me give an example, of the simplest nature, to show what I mean by the conscious living that is art. I find one in the following exquisite poem, "The Happy Child," by William Davies:—

"I saw this day sweet flowers grow thick,
But not one like the child did pick.

I heard the pack-hounds in green park,
But not one like the child heard bark.

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I heard this day bird after bird,
But not one like the child has heard.

A hundred butterflies saw I,
But not one like the child saw fly.

I saw the horses roll in grass,
But no horse like the child saw pass.

My world this day has lovely been,
But not like what the child has seen."

Rossetti believed that "Poetry should seem to the hearer to have been always present to his thought, but never before heard," and the statement that this has been accomplished, so just, sometimes, is popular instinct, is the commonest praise accorded to individual works of art. Many of Mr. Davies' readers must have said, rightly, but, critically speaking, with imperfect accuracy, "Now that expresses what I have always felt." They should have said, "That enables me to feel what I always could have felt." For they have never truly felt it. That wistful, regretful moment, now articulate, was carried unhappily past them in the general flux of incompletely conscious life. They suspected a possibility of feeling something, of knowing what they dimly felt, but it eluded them in the tangled currents of the stream, and they did not detain it, *know* it, and make it part of themselves. Mr. Davies has not so allowed it to escape; he warily netted it in his consciousness, *learnt* it accurately and fully, and wrote that poem, thus isolating it for ever from unconsciousness. And we, reading those words, collaborate with him in the re-creation of the work of art for whose notation they serve, and, with our memories behind us, not his, ourselves win out of the river of unconsciousness such a moment, different a little from his, our own, filled delicately with our vitality, and giving us, for the vitality we have given it, an increased consciousness of the life that is in ourselves. The conscious life of art does not imply what is known with contempt as self-consciousness, and means a hampering inability to forget not self but other people's eyes. It implies a new reading of the Delphic command, *γνώθι σεαυτόν*. It does not mean Know thy opinions only, nor yet, Know what are thy desires, but Know thy life, not thy biography but thy living, thine innumerable acts of life.

I took my example from a short poem of extreme

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simplicity, and as I have again and again in this essay spoken of "moments" of conscious life, a scrupulous reader might well conclude that I concerned myself only with what is commonly known as lyrical art, or that I should presently offer a proof of Croce's theory that all art is essentially lyrical. I agree with Croce, and perhaps go further than he in believing, for reasons with which I will not burden this discussion, that all lyricism in art is dramatic, in that it involves a dramatic conception of himself by the author. His care is, that it shall be wholly determined by one moment, not by a series, and for this reason, he is compelled as he works to refer continually to himself as he was at that moment. For if a work of art were to be representative of more than one moment, it would be representative of more than one man. It would not be homogeneous, and could not be beautiful. This applies not only to a song or a picture, but to those works of art which are in appearance the most elaborate, the least uniform, the least determined by a single moment. A play, whose reading or performance may occupy hours, during which a number of characters whom we accept provisionally as human, as separate entities, live imaginary lives before us, is, no less than a song, the result of becoming completely conscious of a single moment. The duration of the reading is in no way affected by the duration of the moment of life that set the author playing with his marionettes. A moment of life such as would for a poet become articulate in a song, may require from a playwright that he represent it to himself in persons talking, a clash of personalities, a breaking of personalities by destiny, a series of events explicable within itself, not resembling any one moment of his life, but in their totality representing his means of *knowing* a moment, and the means he offers us whereby, as nearly as we may, we shall share that knowing. When a play is not the artist's learning a moment of his own life, it is mere scaffolding, at dusk, or at a sudden first sight, resembling a building, but presently found out to be empty and fraudulent, when with contempt we leave it to oblivion. The length of time, the intricate construction, the apparent multiplicity of imagined lives do not affect the question.

John Masefield did not by a sudden effort of genius

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conceive "Nan," scenes, persons, and dialogue, in a moment. One moment, however, determined its conception, and implied all that is in the play. Let me, with deference, suggest what may have happened. He heard a story that affected him with a mixture of emotions. If he had not been an artist, he would probably have done no more than repeat the story to others as it was told to him, and wonder idly if it produced the same mixture of emotions in them. Instead, he lingered with it, and let the unconscious flux flow on unobserved while he brooded over this one emotional moment, becoming more and more clearly conscious of the emotions it contained as they, in the formative processes of his mind, came to be represented by persons and actions and words. His mind was not making but discovering, following the implications of the original emotional moment, careful only to be true to that, and rejecting proffered representations solely on account of their inaccuracy. His skill was shown only in so dealing with the flood of representations that no one particle of it should contradict another, should hamper the full realisation of that moment. His greatness was shown in the profundity with which he realised that moment, and the depth to which he could follow its implications.

Therein, by the way, is suggested the criterion of greatness that is contained in the doctrine that art is for life's sake. The theory of art for art's sake left its holders at a loss before the question, "Is no man greater than another, if his works are beautiful, if he is an equally skilful artist?" They knew that he was, but their theory could not tell them why, and they had to take refuge in cynicism. The theory of art for "morality's" sake was no more satisfying. It suggested that the greatest artist was he who preached the most good, and so left its holders in speechless difficulty before a comparison of Rossetti and Dr. Watts. The theory of art for life's sake has a clear answer, and offers a valid test. That man is the greatest artist who makes us the most profoundly conscious of life. Shakespeare is set above Herrick, who was a better technician, and Leonardo above Murillo, who painted more devotional subjects, on grounds with which men, neither as artists nor as moralists, need quarrel.

Art for Art's sake was a battle-cry, and to understand

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it, we had to understand what those who used it fought. Art for Life's sake is also a battle-cry, though it includes in those four words a suggestion not only of the function of art, but of its nature. Let us review the enemies we attack with those words upon our lips. What do we fight against? What are the misunderstandings which in our time encourage the production of false, of secondary art, and obscure the excellence of the finest?

We fight first against a political valuation of art, that imagines poetry, pictures and music as auxiliaries in the reconstruction or conservation of the State, and judges them by their efficiency as political pamphlets.

We fight secondly against an educational valuation of art, that judges works of art by the accuracy of the facts they happen to embody, the accuracy of the pictures they paint of this or that form of life, the clearness with which they illustrate generalisations.

We fight thirdly against the valuation of art by its technical skill, by the beauty that is a universal condition of its being. These things cannot afford a scale of comparison for works of art, but only a guarantee that they are worthy of judgment. We should not fight against this valuation if it showed itself in practice capable of so useful an office. It is, however, not sufficiently selective, but allows itself to be tricked by things built in imitation of perfect building, things whose form is not identical with their content, things which manifest more skill than vitality. This, our old ally, since it made our battle possible, is now our subtlest enemy.

Our battle is far from easy, for we fight not to kill but to make captive, and it is easier and safer to fight to kill. We fight not to destroy those valuations, but to destroy their pre-eminence. Recognising (1) that a work of art has a political, comparable to its moral, influence, (2) that it always embodies knowledge, (3) that it is nothing if it does not wake in us the feeling that we are near the achievement of the beautiful, we wish to deny none of these things, but to prevent any one of them from being taken as the foundation of a criterion of art. We wish to set over them a criterion of art that shall include them all. Above technique, above opinion, above information, we set life, of the special kind that is here described, whose

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conscious vitality is to unconscious vitality what living is to existence.

What, then, do we ask ourselves after experiencing a work of art?

We ask one thing only, though, perhaps, in many forms : Has it given us an increased consciousness of life, or has it merely had in view one or other of those valuations whose supreme authority we reject? Is its title to the name of art merely that it is an illustration of a doctrine that has elbowed out the doctrine it illustrates, merely that it gives us a clear idea how some people live, merely that it has a skin-deep appearance of unity? Or is it a piece of conscious life, separated watchfully from the flux of living, a piece of *knowing* carried out by the artist, which we are allowed to share? Does it give us a new possession by making us aware of something we possess? We do not ask an artist for opinions, for facts, for skill, alone. We have the right to ask for more. We ask him for ourselves; we ask him for life. "Poetry enriches the blood of the world" by the practice it affords of living consciously. Vain learning, opinion, skill, impoverish it. We ask from an artist opportunities of conscious living, which, taken as they come, multiply the possibilities of their recurrence, turn us into artists, and help us to contract the habit of being alive.

Strindberg's Plays

By Austin Harrison

Early Plays. *Ætat* 20, 1869-72.

Hermione. The Outlaw. Anno 48. In Rome. Master Olof (in prose).
Master Olof (in verse).

Romantic Plays. 1880-85.

The Secret of the Guild. Sir Bengt's Lady. The Wanderings of Lucky
Per. Frau Margit.

Realistic Plays. 1885-96.

Father. Comrades. The Folk of Hemsö. The Keys of Heaven.

One-Act Plays.

Miss Juliet. Creditors. Pariah. Samum. The Stronger. The Link.
Playing with Fire. Facing Death. The First Warning. Debit and
Credit. Motherly Love.

Symbolistic Plays, 1897-1910.

To Damascus. I., II., and III. There are Crimes and Crimes. The
Dance of Death. I. and II.

Christmas. Easter. Midsummer. (Plays of the Seasons.)

The Dream Play. The Crown Bride. Swanwhite (Fairy Plays).

Storm. The Burned Lot. The Spook-Sonata. The Pelican (called
"Chamber" Plays).

The Slippers of Abu Casem. The Great Highway. Happy Christmas.
(Plays in verse.)

The Last Knight. The National Director. The Black Glove.

Historical Plays, 1900-1910.

The Saga of the Folkungs. Gustav Wasa. Eric XIV. Queen Christina.
Gustav Adolph. Charles XII. Engelbrecht. Gustavus III. The Night-
ingale of Wittemberg.

Dramaturgy (a volume of critical essays on the art of the Theatre).

IN Strindberg's now celebrated Preface to Miss Julia, he describes the stage as a *Biblia Pauperum*, a Bible or grammar-school for the general, those people with a little knowledge, who go to the theatre for the purpose of deceiving themselves and of being pleasantly deceived. And pointing to the prolonged theatrical crisis in Europe, to the admitted sterility of the drama in the two civilised countries producing the greatest thinkers of the age—England and Germany—he attributes it to the stagnation

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of theatrical form in a time when the "rudimentary, incomplete thought processes which operate through our imagination seem to be developing into reflection, research and analysis." The middle-class element, which has always swayed the stage, found its natural expression in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, stereotyping character once and for all—as one who invariably was drunk, jolly, sad, grotesque, heroic, etc.—in which wooden homogeneity of type the human soul became calcified on the stage as one-faced character, and a mere puppet of convention.

The soul of man is, however, a highly complex organism, as vice has a reverse which very much resembles virtue. To develop the form of the theatre, to raise its art to the modern standard of thought and education, to show the soul in its true conglomerate fluidity, in its pattern and patchwork of inconsequence and heterogeneity—such was Strindberg's deliberate dramatic purpose, and he set about his task with the ethical fervour which characterised all his literary and æsthetic endeavour. In form, of course, the naturalists had preceded him, the de Goncourts in prose, and notably Ibsen, who was twenty years his senior, the founder of the modern intellectual drama. It is well to understand this because not a little of Strindberg's work was tentative—he himself as an old man repudiated the work of his own intimate theatre—as also, in his passionate endeavour to win to a higher art, he, unquestionably, overstepped the practical capacities of the theatre, as we still conceive it, both in complexity of characterisation and of stage production. He delved himself so deep into human psychology that the people in what are called his symbolistic plays are frequently almost impossible "to act," and even to the ordinary reader appear unreal, such was his power of interpreting the subtle play and fancy of the soul, often, as we know, most intricate and disparate when it would seem the most obvious. Thus his great autobiographical play, *To Damascus*, is still considered unplayable, even in Germany, where the second part of *Faust* is regularly played in the cheap repertory *Volkstheater* at Berlin. And the same may be said of his fairy or mystical plays, the "chamber" plays, and some of those named after the seasons. Instead of the *tic* of stereotyped French characterisation, he sought to render the multiplicity

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of moods, motives, fancies, thoughts that make up the mind, in a word, to make his characters "characterless" according to conventional stage portraiture, conglomerates of threads and patches, as the human soul is.

Edgar Poe, the de Goncourts, Nietzsche, Ibsen, and later, Maeterlinck, all influenced him, and always, characteristically, he went a step further. The charming mystic realism of *Swanwhite* is plainly derived from Maeterlinckian sources, but in *The Crown Bride*, in *To Damascus*, and still more in *The Dream Play*, he has already outstripped the compass of the Belgian's eeriness, having evolved a form and frame of his own as far in advance of Maeterlinck as is Maeterlinck, say, of the fairyland of Mr. G. M. Barrie.

In philosophic attitude, Strindberg and Maeterlinck stand at opposite poles, the former perhaps the sincerest pessimist in all literature, the latter the welcome optimist, in which polarity their exact measure of popularity is to be estimated. Yet by no means their respective values. We find Maeterlinck cheerfully proclaiming that "there are no dead," whereas all that Strindberg can say as the sum of his life's experience is the benediction of the old man in *To Damascus*—"I will not wish you happiness, for there is no happiness, but the strength to endure your fate."

Maeterlinck is the poet of happiness. With Strindberg the world, existence, mankind, "are nothing but a phantom, an appearance, a dream-image," and in order to free ourselves from this earth-matter, we are given suffering as the "liberator." That, of course, is the spirit of the Christ, and it may be said to be the *leit-motif* of Strindberg's work and plays, which in teaching are essentially religious.

Pulsating through this robust Christianity of his—for Strindberg's plays are really a complete philosophy and an ethic of life—there grew what must be called the weed of Swedenborgian negativism, with its corrosive idea of life as an earthly Hell, under the spell of which Strindberg fell deeper and deeper into despair. Here, without doubt, lies the weakness of his art. It cast a magic circle around him, from which he never completely escaped. It made his whole outlook one-sided, subjective, morbid, and to the Anglo-Saxon mind probably tiresomely introspective. As the Daughter says in *The Dream Play*: Justice, Friendship,

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Golden Peace are only "figure-heads," Hope is only a life-buoy which saves itself and lets distressed men perish. Or, again, in the terrible ending of *The Spook-Sonata*, the student says to his beloved who is dying: "Poor child. Child of this world of deception, of fault, of suffering and of death; of the world of everlasting change and disillusion and sorrow." And in *Damascus*, the pilgrim who meets his former wife:

"We love. Yes, and we hate. We hate each other, because we love one another; we hate each other, because we are linked together; we hate the link, we hate love; we hate what is most lovable because it is also the most bitter, we hate the very best which gives us this life."

That is the pure Swedenborgian conception, and Strindberg never grew out of it. The prophet of pessimism is never likely to be a popular fellow. We must leave it at that. Wonderfully objective, detached as his creative art was, it was certainly discoloured by his own philosophy of despair, even if in his old age he came to recognise the Christian virtues of humility, resignation and faith.

The religious Fairy Plays of Strindberg—the cycle which includes *Swanwhite*, *The Crown Bride*, *Damascus I.*, to which, as apotheosis, he added *The Dream Play*—are the most characteristic of his dramatic creations, as collectively they form the sum and substance of his life's message. *Damascus I.* is absolutely personal, autobiographical; *The Dream Play*, which caps it, is the most transcendental play ever written. The higher flights of fantasy and the mind are greater than reality, he wrote. In *The Dream Play* he tried to realise the flexibility and inconsequence of life, the grand hugger-mugger of existence which the more philosophically and analytically it is viewed the more it shapes itself into vanity and paradox, as in the nature of dreams. In form it stands alone. The characters appear anywhere, at any time, anyhow. There is no space, or time, or season, or logic. Snow lies on the roses. Some of the trees are fading, others are green. A minute is as good as a year. Things happen entirely without rhyme or reason. His object was to get as far away from materialism and logic as possible, to render the spirituality both of life and of the mind. In tone, *The Dream Play*, as the

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whole Fairy cycle, is pessimistic, but not distressingly so: it is the natural pessimism of old age. There is nothing like it in dramatic literature. In intellectual suggestiveness, philosophic serenity, impressionism, in that peculiar atmosphere of realistic mysticism which is his supreme gift to dramatic art, it strikes a note, as near to the unearthly as would seem compatible with our human reason, while preserving not only the semblance of reality, but the full sanity of poetic experiment. Though its philosophy is enlightened resignation, its lesson is the revelation of the Daughter who, on her return to earth, to see how men live, finds that to live they must fight, "one must harm others." There is not a trace of sentimentality, mawkishness, insincerity about it. The sorrow, bitterness and vanity of our human life is set forth with a detachment that can only be called splendid. "Take courage"—such is its message. I question if the imaginative drama has ever gone higher than this.

Swanwhite was written in 1901 in the heyday of his marriage with the actress, Harriet Bosse (his third wife), who was, of course, its inspiration. It is a delightfully delicate, fanciful thing, full of a deep and sad philosophy, ending in happiness all round, as the result of faith and love. It has been played with conspicuous success in Sweden, and is a genuine fairy play which, it has been found, children can appreciate. In this play the influence of Maeterlinck is noticeable, and possibly for that reason it is the least remarkable of the cycle, especially towards the end, where Strindberg has allowed himself to arrange a "curtain" in the (fairy) mechanical way of orthodox theatricality. But all the opening scenes are exquisitely tender and pathetic. Here, once more, his love for his mother appears in the remark of the child who, when pressed by the witch stepmother to be addressed as mother, replies: "How can I? He who is born of man can only have one mother." In this, as in the other plays, Strindberg's power of suggesting the supernatural, the uncanny, is unequalled.

The Crown Bride is a play of folk-lore, dealing with the superstitious peasantry who live in the Senn Valley and the Silja Lake, near Stockholm. Many of the local expressions are purposely retained—it was one of Strind-

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berg's endeavours to enrich and vivify the Swedish language—and the whole play throbs with the brutality, mysticism and superstitious lore of the fisher-folk who live there in a small world of their own, practically cut off from outside influence, in a perpetual condition of family warfare and vendetta. Strindberg was particularly delighted with the music of the ice-ducks who migrate to those parts, and composed a song based entirely on their notes, which, he declared (*The Swedish People*) "differs from most other birds because the ice-ducks have a scale which harmonises with ours." The play represents the feud between two families, though it is a fairy play with visitations from the "man of the sea," the "boy in white," and other mystical people, the whole thing being now hideously realistic, now symbolistic in the realm of the magical. It is the story of a girl who drowns her baby before marriage, how she is found out and punished by her husband's relatives. The local colour is terrible in its cruelty and horror, but finally the Crown Bride finds salvation through love—love which the "boy in white" tells her is the "greatest thing in life, the love of all living things, big and little . . . as in hope faith is born." Here we have Strindberg, in many ways, at his best. His portraits of the ignorant, rugged fisher-folk of the islands are superb. He may be said to have discovered these people to the literature of his country, and even more so in his novels, which have done for Sweden what Synge did for Ireland, with whose art, particularly in the dramatic delineation of the subconscious self, Strindberg has a good deal in common. Between such a play as *Riders to the Sea* and *The Crown Bride* there is a real similarity. Both savour of the earth, of hemp, and both reflect that spirit of mediæval mysticism, simplicity and shrewdness common to island people.

The spiritual or religious realism of Strindberg attains in this play to its full expression. It was written just after the loss of a child in circumstances which he has described in *The Confessions of a Fool*, and he wrote it as a sort of moral penance under great stress and torment. Its bitterness is appalling, yet it is redeemed from utter misery by the spiritual sense of justice, mercy, peace and forgiveness which runs through it, like a refrain, lifting it into a poem and a very pæan of love. Here, again, Strindberg's uncon-

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querable spirit of truth prevails in his own despite. His art triumphs over his aching flesh. He recognises; he admits; almost he accepts. And it is highly characteristic that it is through the child in this play that he comes nearest to an absolute conception of life, to peace and reconciliation, wrung from him through the yearning for love.

The great trilogy, *To Damascus*, is a gigantic autobiographical reckoning with himself and the world, somewhat after the manner of the second part of *Faust*, yet otherwise entirely dissimilar, being throughout of an almost naïve clarity both of form and expression, as in appeal it is frankly universal. It is Strindberg's life Calvary, comparable in wisdom and serenity with our own *Pilgrim's Progress*. In this, his passion play, Strindberg gives full vent to his mania for confession. We have the epitome and synthesis of his forty years of striving after truth and righteousness, hiding nothing, sparing neither sorrow nor evil, complete, unashamed self-revelation.

The whole thing is allegory and yet realistic, and in the first part the scenes move on, reverting, symbolistically, in order to the scene started from, where the "stranger" is seen sitting on a bench, scratching the sand with a stick. The people are "the lady" (symbolic of the wife), the "beggar," the "confessor," the "tempter," and finally "Melchior"—all representing his other soul and souls—and other symbolic of the family. In his quest throughout, the lady is always with him, for it is his final ambition to find salvation through the love of woman. His pilgrimage begins with the call of the lady, who bids him free her from the wolf-man. "Good," he cries, "I am ready: to fight with demons, to free princesses, to kill the wolf-men—that is life"—whereat the "lady" throws off her veil and kisses him full on the mouth.

At once his trials begin, he climbs to fall again and again, but his pride and ambition, his courage and curiosity impel him ever forwards. He wants to know everything, to drive out injustice, hatred, envy, cruelty from the world—and the more he strives the harder the very evils that he combats buffet and strike him down, until the curse of Deuteronomy falls upon him. At the end of Part I. he comes to his mother, who asks him if he is not yet tired of

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seeking. He replies, "No, no. I seek the Light," and he takes up his pilgrim's staff. And again at the end of the second part, he cries out still manfully to the "confessor," who chides him for his arrogance—"Arrogance, Ha! It is the last trace of our Godlike origin. Let us go on, before it is dark."

In the third part there is a curious self-revelatory remark about women, which shows how sensitively Strindberg felt, how acutely receptive and responsive he was to the feelings and sympathies of others. He asks the "Tempter" to explain to him why he always had a feeling of shame when in the presence of his wife before strangers. "I felt as if their looks sullied her," he cries, and the tempter answers cynically, "Well, how did you feel when she was sullied?"

Finally, shaking off woman as the tempter, he climbs up to the cloister on the top of the high rock mountain, and Melchior takes him into the portrait-gallery of the great men of the world, since he still asks to know the "meaning of life." There he is shown them, all with two heads—Boccaccio, who ended as a monk and gave lectures on Dante's Hell; Luther, the champion of tolerance, who ended as the apostle of intolerance; Gustavus Adolphus, who took the Catholic gold of France to fight for Protestantism, while himself observing neutrality towards the Catholic League; Goethe, the Hofrath and Court dignitary, receiving the medal of honour from the French Revolutionists; Voltaire, with many heads, the godless, who spent his life insisting there must be a God; Napoleon, creator of the Revolution, the Nero of liberty, the destroyer of equality; Bismarck, the honest statesman, the discoverer of diplomatic truth who ended as an exposed weaver of political falsehood, etc., until the stranger accepts the injunction of his teacher summed up in the formula—humanity and resignation.

In the little chapel the "stranger" realises that he has won at last to a synthetic philosophy, to that final understanding of life and its riddle, which is none other than submission. In vain the tempter appears to offer him the prizes of this world. At the altar a newly-married pair are kneeling, and the "stranger" points to them. "The dearest, the best, the first and the only thing that makes life worthy—

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Love." And as he gazes, calm and peaceful in his age and wisdom, the "confessor" wraps a long black pall about him—"O Lord, give him eternal peace."

Here individualism reaches its highest literary expression in that it recognises and blends its own extreme and necessary arrogance into a synthetic conception of life which is constructively organic. The ego of the superman reaches the point of its own negation, merges thus imperceptibly into the harmony of the general purpose and scheme of life, which, in a word, may be described as humanity. If Strindberg had only written this one great drama, he must have obtained a permanent place in literature. As a play, according to existing notions, it may be admitted to be hardly practical. But as a philosophy, exposition and drama of life it will stand alongside of Bunyan as a gospel of faith and sincerity, as one of the great religious signets of mankind.

I have said that Strindberg's *Swanwhite* was influenced by Maeterlinck, yet it is noteworthy that of his fairy plays it is the least conclusive, as also that in *Easter* Strindberg most certainly anticipated Maeterlinck's *Trésor des Humbles*, as he surpassed it both in beauty and pathos. With Ibsen the case is even more strikingly marked. There is no doubt whatever that the two writers, the Norwegian and the Swede—at the time bitter political rivals—acted and reacted upon one another in a way that led Strindberg to be accused even of plagiarism—an accusation which it is now admitted was absolutely baseless. Unquestionably the older man inspired the Swede, goaded him on to a higher effort, as refractively Strindberg inspired Ibsen. It is indeed a curious fact that Ibsen's two best-known plays, *The Doll's House* and *The Master-Builder*, were founded directly upon Strindberg's early plays, *Olof* and *The Secret of the Guild*. The Nora of Ibsen was drawn completely as a type in *Master Olof*, seven years before Ibsen sent out his revolting doll into the world, in which youthful play Strindberg exposed and attacked her as the new woman. In *The Master-Builder* the analogy is still greater. Both in Ibsen's and Strindberg's plays the building of the tower is the symbolistic theme, Strindberg's *Secret of the Guild* anticipating Ibsen by ten years. In both cases the older and mature man knew how to turn the theme to more

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account. Through Solness Ibsen spoke directly at Strindberg. The much-debated line of the Master-Builder, "It is youth that I fear," was aimed across the border at the young Swede, in whom Ibsen saw already a peer and a highly dangerous rival. *Frau Margit* was Strindberg's reply to *The Doll's House*, which spurred him on to his ferocious attacks upon matriarchy and to what he called the "silly, romantic provincialism of Ibsen's epicene squaw."

Of the other symbolistic and practical plays (from the stage point of view) two stand out pre-eminently, *The Dance of Death* and *Easter*, the former unquestionably as the greatest and most terrible, the latter as at once the simplest and sweetest, in all his repertory. Both are the pure Strindberg, the one the tragedy of hate, the other the purity of love, and assuredly in all modern literature no man has ever attained to such a height of extremity in two such conflicting and opposite directions. The fierce emotionalism, the strange dualism, of the man are reflected in these two plays with a depth characteristic of the range, the gall and pathos of Strindberg's genius. All the passions of mankind are fretted with a touch as sure as *Lear* or the *Electra*, and again as gentle and lovable as the sweetness of Juliet or the fairy lightness of *The Blue Bird*. As the dramatic expression of hatred, *The Dance of Death* is a truly demoniacal creation; its counterpart, *Easter*, is as delicate as the anemone of the woods.

The Dance of Death can now be read in English, so little need be said here about it. In its power of suggestiveness, dramatic incisiveness of dialogue, construction and sheer horror, the thing is overwhelming, diabolic in its intensity and cleverness. Type of the vampire man, "the Captain" takes his place with the figure of Ibsen's Hjalmar as the two most striking literary characters of our modern civilisation. It is the most complete of all Strindberg's plays, creatively and technically the equal to Ibsen at his best. The words hiss like drops of water falling upon a hot place. Here Strindberg reached his full strength both as man and artist.

Easter is a home idyll, the story of a little bourgeois family gathered together on Easter eve, expecting every minute to be turned out of the house by the "old gentleman" to whom they owe "so much money." It is the most

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simple and charming of all Strindberg's works, notable for its distinctive portraiture—the anxious mother watching over her family; the son who, with his theoretic worthiness and principles, is in reality a foolish, ignorant and conceited fellow; the lad, Benjamin, and the girl, Eleonor, the most lovable and sympathetic woman Strindberg ever drew. They are all worthy people, all anxious to be kind and useful, but hidebound by Pharisaical convention, which deprives them, individually and collectively, of a free outlook upon life. And then the old man appears with the blue paper in his hand. The little scene between the creditor and the girl, Eleonor, is in itself a creation. Age meets youth, and at once they understand one another; the old man holds out his hand, the symbol of justice and pity; she gives to him the simplicity and beauty of her ignorance, so the extremes meet in understanding. "See," the girl cries out to little Benjamin, "we shall be able to go into the country after all. Ellis has said we may take down the double windows. Look! Spring is coming! O, and I can hang up my old fur jacket—it's a horrid heavy thing, after all—it looks as if all the dust of winter and the long darkness has got caked upon it!"

And all this simplicity, tenderness and beauty without a trace of sentimentality! Here we find Strindberg's other soul, the soul of love and pity. Only a great lover, a mind that was still young as a child's, could have written this exquisite little passion play free from all homiletic tendency, content to be rather than to assert or prove anything, and yet how full of tears and laughter, and what a life's sermon it is! Eleonor looks out and says to her brother, "Is it lighter out there?" "Let us hope so," he replies. This is a moral and a truth that we can all feel. To me it is the most sympathetic of all Strindberg's plays, and, technically, it is also one of the most perfect.

Christmas, which Strindberg called a "mystery" play, was tabulated with *There are Crimes and Crimes* under the title of "In a Higher Court," but the two plays have little in common so far as form is concerned, *Christmas* belonging to what may be styled his "impossible" productions, whereas *There are Crimes and Crimes* has, of all his plays, enjoyed the greatest acting popularity. *Christmas* is Maeterlinckian, *macabre*, bitter and lacking in charm,

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though containing touches of hideous realism. He was still a Swedenborgian patient when he wrote it. The other play is far more interesting and was conceived directly after his recovery from his five-years' mental illness. This play also can be read in English. Its purpose is to show the vanity of things, how an attitude of mind can drive a man mad, into despair, into crime, and though to produce this effect Strindberg enveloped it in a spirituality of introspection and gloom which perhaps only active Swedenborgians actually suffer from, the dialogue is curiously natural and vivid, as is the characterisation, many of the figures being, in fact, taken directly from life. He was still a fighter for the inalienable "rights" of the individual at the time, a superman. It is a good example of Strindbergian realism.

The Spook Sonata, *The Burned Lot*, and *Storm* are all typical of his later work, if lacking somewhat in fire. In *Storm* he again harps back to autobiography, but he is now resigned. The old man refuses to take back the wife who ran away from him and returns in penitence; he wants peace, no women: the contemplative life. "Pull down the blinds!" he cries out to the servant. "They are lighting the street lamps. It is autumn. This is the season for us old folk. When the blinds are down and the lights are lit our memories can go to sleep. Peace!—in the spring I'll look out for a new house."

The Burned Lot illustrates the humbug of life, centring round a house which has been burned down and a stranger who, returning after years spent in America, interrogates one by one all his relations, his old friends and acquaintances, and convicts them in turn of falsity, hypocrisy and deceit, showing that nothing in the old home was genuine or true, so that instead of laying the wreath he had bought on his father's grave, he places it on the ashes of his old home—to wander out again into the mad world. It is extraordinarily amusing to read; but the best of the Chamber Plays is *The Spook Sonata*.

In this horrible yet fascinating play Strindberg writes with his old dramatic force, and it is one of the most curiously metaphysical of his conceptions. Again he shows the unreality of life, its fatalism, cruelty, vindictiveness, intercausal relationship and retroaction, its disillusion and

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futility. Once more there is the old man who is a modern version of the Chorus with a Hoffmannesque spirit throughout. But there is something great and weirdly dramatic in the conception of the room of falsity in the house, where all is real and yet unreal, solid and yet fluid, intensely commonplace and yet "spooky," as through a second sight of the mind's eye. The parrot Mummy is the wife, perfectly coherent, plausible, sunk after forty years of domestic submissiveness and boredom, with the same old table, chairs, carpet, clock, friends, relations and routine, into a mere vocal condition resembling a parrot, into a human shape resembling a mummy. In this room of falsity, everyone is shown up. The Colonel, who has no right to either his grade or his orders; the friends of the house; the trusty servant; the old man himself. Finally, youth is exposed—the student who is in love with the girl, the girl who when she hears that all his family were diseased and hypocrites, that life is a jungle and a snare, that men and women are vampires sucking at each other's throats, takes poison behind the screen which the student places before her to shut out her dying agony.

Many people would consider this play as "mad" as Ibsen's *Wild Duck* in the spiritualistic atmospheric quality of which it is reminiscent. The thing is haunting. Matter dissolves into fluidity. Thoughts seem to materialise into solid substances. In no play is Strindberg's faculty of metaphysical illusion and *macabre* presentation so powerfully illustrated. And yet nothing happens out of the ordinary; there is not even incidental music. In this play Strindberg has brought man as near to communion with spiritual matter as would seem compatible with human dignity. Almost we come to shake hands with our intangible souls—and, lo! we find these spirits or ghosts are our own consciences, our own ellipses and abstractions such as occasionally bother us even in this world.

The Pelican is another hideous play, showing how a woman, a mother, with all the outward appearances of goodness, can by a life of petty deceit, falsehood, egoism, spite, greed, vanity and uncharitableness blight and wreck the lives of a whole family, from the husband downwards; and how the son, discovering by chance the skeletons in the cupboard of the household, sets fire to the home, as a pious

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act of purification, watching his mother leap hysterically from the window, and, himself, dying in the flames with his betrothed clasped in his arms.

In *Midsummer* Strindberg returns to a lighter vein. This is a comedy of youth, bright, racy, droll, a pleasant play, and quite "possible" for the stage. The theme this time is the folly of youth. As fits the subject, it is comedy. Strindberg here is almost amusing. The "silly" boy—hero of how many highly successful English pieces—is tossed about until even he comes to his senses and some idea of responsibility; but Strindberg is not unkind, or, for that matter, unfair, to him. It is genuine, clean comedy throughout, and all the local colouring is admirable.

Comrades is another comedy, written during Strindberg's eventful sojourn in Paris; satire, an amusing skit on the woman's movement and demand for equality and sex comradeship, showing the total failure of the woman to grasp even the elementary principles of truth, as most other things that she claims, and so culminating in a veritable taming of the shrew, only that Strindberg's man calmly walks off, after he has thoroughly vindicated his right to authority, with another woman.

It comes about in the old primitive fashion, the man at last resorting to physical force, which captivates the woman, who for the first time sees in her husband a man and a lover. But he declines all further "wifely comradeship." "Let us meet and talk art in cafés," he tells her, and as he is about to leave her, she cries, "Who is waiting for you below, another comrade?" "No," comes his answer, "this time, a mistress. Good-bye!"

All this is delightful fun and banter, a play of situation, humour, movement, and antithesis, with just a touch of Parisian *rosserie* about it, which distinguishes it from all his other plays. It differs from his other work, too, in that woman—the strong new woman—is represented as in practice a weak vessel, whereas the man, who Strindberg generally depicted as the slave of sex, is here seen in all the virile accoutrement of romance: brave, generous, honest, a fine, swaggering chap who can be a good husband or a good rake, as woman chooses to make him. It is amusing to think that Strindberg wrote this in 1890; it is just the satire we are waiting for in England to-day.

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Its exact opposite is *Father*, which with *The Dance of Death* are the two most horrible plays that he wrote; yet unquestionably in point of power and technique the most significant. *Father* was written in the full flush of Strindberg's own conjugal despair, and it was conceived deliberately as a picture of the eternal warfare between man and woman. Whatever one may think of it, *Father* is an extraordinary *tour de force*, mad, jaundiced, call it what one pleases, yet a creation worthy to be placed in the lap of Lady Macbeth. The man (Strindberg characteristically calls him the Father, not the Husband) is weak, halting, a prey to introspective mania; the woman is all strength, low cunning, endowed with enormous will-power which enables her to pursue her object blindly, dead to all other influence. In the play, her pursuit is the control of her child, which the father threatens to take away from her; and her method is the insidious medium of suggestion.

This is the real interest and value of the play. With infinite subtlety, she works upon the man's highly-strung nature until from doubt as to whether he is the father of his child, he comes to believe he is not, and there reason forsakes him. His wife has him packed off in a strait-jacket to an asylum, obtains the child and, incidentally, the man she wants.

With *Father*, Strindberg uttered his supreme cry for the child, which is the "inseparable link" between man and woman. In its essentials, it is a moral play; the aching appeal of a father for the right over his children, and so over his posterity, for the happiness of marriage, and for the family. Its realism is symbolistic. "'Tis a wise child that knows its own father." The saying alone is justification sufficient for the play, which, ignorantly viewed, might appear to be either wilfully disgusting or unwittingly mad. No man has ever spoken for his children with such a voice before. It is as the expression of some elemental force, like war, hideous yet magnificent.

With his one-act plays Strindberg gave to the drama a new art, as Maupassant gave the short story to literature. They were written deliberately to win a place for naturalism on the stage, and they stand, the whole eleven of them, to-day as little masterpieces of dramatic construction.

In a volume they hold their own alongside of *Boule*

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de Suif, playing on all the emotions, from the tremendous realism of *Miss Juliet*, who has a European reputation, to the Arabic mysticism of *Samum* (Simoon); the fun of jealousy in the *First Warning*, the hatred of jealousy in *The Stronger*, which is a dialogue between two actresses in a café, one of whom sits reading a newspaper the whole time and never even says a word. They are all little works of art, and all of them splendid acting parts.

Perhaps the most astonishing thing about Strindberg is that after he had written some forty plays, his fairy plays, and his grand confession, *To Damascus*, he turned as an old man to the historical drama with the avowed purpose of giving Sweden a Shakespearean gallery of historical portraits worthy both of the master and of his country. It is impossible here to enter into any detailed account of them, but they have been hailed even in Germany as masterpieces, one of them, *Eric XIV.*, rising to true Elizabethan grandeur.

It is written in the simplest language possible, Strindberg's central idea being in all his historical plays to evoke the men and women of the past as human beings rather than as theatrical figureheads, and in *Erich* he has succeeded in presenting a portrait of the weak, epileptic, semi-artistic youth which must be acclaimed a classic. Two monumental figures rise out of this great drama, the peasant Göran Persson, friend and adviser of *Erich*, and the girl Karin, his mistress, one of the most exquisite feminine creations in historical drama. One of the great scenes in the play is the quarrel between *Erich* and the old peasant father of Karin, who upbraids the King for dishonouring his daughter. Young *Erich* advances, white with rage, towards the old man, threatening to have him beheaded. But the old man never flinches. With a gesture, he silences the King. "Still," he calls out. "I am the grandfather of your children, Sire."

Eric XIV. is one of the great historical plays of the world; but in all of them Strindberg has contrived to re-picture the past, to vitalise his kings and courtiers, so that instead of set images such as the characters in Schiller's historical works, they are everyday human beings, behind whom great forces are at work, and this, too, without the

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slightest auxiliary trapping of poetry or rhetoric. The scene of the plague in *The Saga of the Folkungs*, the masterly arrangement and managing of the crowd, the brio of the Spirit of the Age—these alone make that play memorable. Or take Queen Christina—a type, by the way, after his heart—and observe the extraordinary delicacy and art of his treatment. Though revealed in all her nakedness of lust and cruelty, she is no stage courtesane; on the contrary, Strindberg has drawn a real woman, a creature full of mood and light and shade, most feminine, most seductive, a personality that lives and is vital because she is a personality, a woman who plays so long with the love of others that at last she falls in love herself to ruin herself for a cynical Guardsman. *Queen Christina* was one of Strindberg's favourite plays. *Gustavus Adolphus*, *Charles XII.* are both notable works, and in the *Nightingale of Wittemberg* Strindberg has presented a portrait of Luther which even Catholics might accept, a play which alike in conception, treatment and style is so fresh and advanced that it has never yet been placed upon the stage.

I should like to have said a few words about Strindberg's Shakespearean criticisms in the volume called *Dramaturgy*, but space forbids, nor have I done more than refer to his early plays, or so much as mention his plays in verse, as to which, in any case, I would prefer not to express an opinion.

By any consideration of the stupendous range of Strindberg's dramatic work, its depth, its variety, its passion, its quality, even the most prejudiced mind must fain admit the greatness of his achievement. He wrote fairy and allegorical plays as well and better than Maeterlinck. In *Father* and *The Dance of Death* he reached Ibsen at his highest. *Miss Juliet* and his one-act plays constitute a new dramatic art. He has portrayed the most fiendish types of women and also some of the most sympathetic and lovable in modern dramatic literature. Love and hatred, grief and pity, the battered soul of man, have never had a more convincing exponent. Even German critics agree that his historical plays rank after Shakespeare. In what may be termed atmospheric stage illusion Strindberg has admittedly opened up a new world, perhaps paved the way for a totally new conception and expression of drama. His

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Damascus is a worthy pendant to Goethe's *Faust*. Where the illusion of horror fails dismally before the crude materialism of such a play as *Thérèse Raquin*, it reels almost into dizziness under the stress and transcendentalism of *The Spook Sonata* or *The Pelican*, elliptic as the feats of prestidigitation. Life—that is what he has given us in his astonishing plays, with its passions and warring complexities, presented with the sincerity of a full man. There are things to deplore, no doubt. Not a little of it is repetition. A good deal probably will fall away. The final message of the Captain in *The Dance of Death* is: "Wipe out and pass on." Yet many of his plays will live far beyond the shores of Scandinavia, some of them must take roll in the literature of all time.

Women's Suffrage

The Militant Movement in Ruins

By Rowland Kenney

WHEN the announcement was made some weeks ago that Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence had severed their connection with that most militant of the numerous British Suffrage Societies, the Women's Social and Political Union, there was much speculation as to what would be the result on the movement. Many of its friends contended that it was a severe blow to the prestige of the W.S.P.U., others claimed that the unchallenged autocracy of Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter would make for added strength and greater efficiency in militant propaganda effort. But no one seemed to realise that the present condition of the movement makes it impossible for any secession to matter really one way or the other, for, from what we might term the spiritual-revolutionary point of view, the only point of view that really matters, the militant suffrage movement is dead.

Now, if I had begun this article by stating: "The collapse of the women's militant suffrage movement is due to . . ." I should have been met by the retort from some enthusiastic suffragette that "The movement was never in a more healthy state than it is to-day. Evidence? It is evidenced by the heroic conduct of the women at Llan (something or other), whom the supporters of Lloyd George so brutally ill-treated . . ." and so on. That there is still a number of women and girls ready to bear the civilised man-handling of irritated politicians we all know; but I deny that amongst the host of men and women who are sane and alert to the problems of life, believing sincerely in the necessity for political equality between the sexes, and ready to do what little lies in their power to bring about the enfranchisement of women, there is any wide-spread

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eagerness, spirit and general plan and aim to get the vote by any means and at all costs.

A new organisation is needed, the old one can be relegated to the limbo of half forgotten things. Its day is done, its weapons are obsolete, its ideals are dulled by the dust and rubbish attendant on unsuccessful political huckstering, its exponents are bewildered by their failure and the apathy and indifference of the common man and woman to its most urgent appeals. The ideas that once forced it to the forefront of public causes are used up, and no new ones have been evolved by the suffrage leaders; and the revolutionary fervour, which first filled the feminine soul with an ecstasy such as it had seldom experienced apart from sex love, and flung its votaries with a laugh and a jest into the arms of an unimaginative and unsympathetic police, has given way to a sullen and joyless courage born of desperation and hatred of the superior force which baulks or kills the rebel that attacks it.

A slight examination of the history of the movement will explain why it is come to this pass.

For two score years or so certain people requested that the parliamentary franchise should be extended to women. They held meetings and were very busy discussing, arguing and reasoning amongst themselves, and, on rare occasions, their demands crept shamefacedly into the public prints. But it was not until the autumn of 1905 that the great mass of the public even became aware that a section of thinking people were dissatisfied with the accustomed method of counting noses, or rather with the refusal of governments to consult all heads and count all noses before deciding what steps should be taken on national questions.

On October 13, 1905, however, the public were let into the secret. Sir Edward Grey addressed a meeting of Liberals at the Manchester Free Trade Hall on the evening of that day, and, to his surprise and annoyance, Miss Christabel Pankhurst and Miss Annie Kenney persisted in pestering him with questions on the suffrage until the police took them in charge and lodged them in gaol.

That was an excellent beginning. It rivetted the attention of the whole nation on these two women and their cry: "Votes for women! Votes for women!" From

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being a whispered tale of a wild dream it became a war-cry against political monopoly, and the whole nation heard and, in an unprecedented manner, opened its mind to some of the sense and logic lying behind the cry. It had another excellent result. It settled once for all, in the minds of foolish male scoffers, that for courage, determination, and persistency women are equal, if not superior, to men. Further than that, it taught women who had had secret yearnings for a more prominent place on the stage of the theatre of life to strike out for what they wanted, and treat the howls of the conventionals for what they were worth—nothing.

The next step taken by the feminine insurrectors was equally effective. They went and spoke in plain terms and in their own language to the people they knew and who knew them and their work. Mrs. Pankhurst, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, Miss Teresa Billington, and Miss Annie Kenney were the chiefs of the rebels. They had all had more or less experience of political propaganda. Each of the three first named had addressed hundreds of meetings in favour of Independent Labour representation in Parliament, and was a well-known and welcome figure at public speaking places in the northern industrial towns, whilst Miss Kenney's experience as a woman worker was a splendid marketable commodity in the politico-industrial propaganda mart.

The new movement was therefore well equipped for a certain kind of campaign, and for a time it was gloriously successful. Utilising their names and reputations to the fullest in the northern industrial field, the leaders roused some enthusiasm among the factory "hands." Dealing with the raw, brutal facts of life as they affect the woman worker, they struck the imagination of their factory folk audiences, and, by illustrating their arguments and ideas by similes and parallels drawn from industrial life, they convinced the workers that they had a case which they not only meant to push forward, but were determined to carry through. Still more important, they drove home to the shrewd factory women the telling fact that, although they were considered unworthy of political freedom, they still had to take their place in the workshops and factories and face the wolf of life and labour with their own unaided hands, just as their menfolk did.

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Recruits flocked to the standard of revolt. The movement was alive and vibrant. The Labour brigades, flushed with recent successes, were just at their highest pitch of popularity, and, with fine magnanimity, branches of the Independent Labour Party organised meetings, lent their platforms and propaganda paraphernalia, and did their best to put the new movement on its feet.

There have been few movements in this country with such fine potentialities as had the women's new organisation of nearly seven years ago; not even the great Labour cause was achieving such victories over the ignorance of the workers. Had the initial lines been followed during all this time, had the same kind of speeches, the same reasoned and considered addresses been delivered as were made by such women as Miss Billington during the early days, there would by this time have been a sound and effective party among the women workers—for that is where it must be if it is to be effective.

But this had not to be. Seeing that the movement must be a national one, it was decided by the leaders—rightly decided—that the whole country must be attacked, and early in 1906 Miss Annie Kenney was sent to “rouse” London. She did it. London was roused. She enlisted the sympathy of Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, who gave time and money without stint, and soon the Women's Social and Political Union became a success. Women of standing and wealth joined the Union. Money poured into the coffers and the suffragettes were elated; they imagined that nothing grander had been or could ever be achieved. Yet it was just here that they began to go wrong.

Finding that money was to be had if the cause was worked on “right lines,” and having already had experience of the handicap an insufficiency of cash imposes on us all, the leaders set their wits to work to bring in the women of wealth in ever greater numbers. Again they were successful. Silk gowns and soft speeches were found necessary to attract a certain type of woman. And silk gowns were adopted. The old fiery speeches denouncing the underpayment of women workers, all the outpourings of virtuous wrath against the hell of industrial life, the instructive lectures on the relation of the State and politics to labour conditions was changed for a bare demand for “Votes for

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Women," followed by speeches indicating that, when once the vote was granted, all the evils which oppressed the womanhood of the nation would vanish as if by magic.

But that was only a beginning on the downward path. From adopting a certain style of life—a fashionable and expensive style—for propaganda purposes, the suffragettes generally took up this style for everyday—and for all day—use. From being part of the political agitator's stock-in-trade, as partisan pamphlets and badges are, the silks and jewels became the commonplaces of life. Naturally, this led to another evil. When the ex-teacher or factory worker found herself in these new and infinitely more comfortable surroundings, she adopted the tone prevailing around her. Instead of being able to return to her one-time co-workers in school or mill and talk to them as a sister, as one who felt in her heart and on her flesh the stings of their own wrongs, she began to lecture them, to talk down to them, or worse still, to ignore the palpitating facts of life, the hundred and one little difficulties experienced by them in their daily toil, and devoted herself to the abstractions and unrealities of political expediency and the—to them—incomprehensible twists and tricks of the political game, apart from any relationship which it might have to their life or work.

Great demonstrations were held, scores of thousands, on one occasion a hundred thousand people, were gathered together to listen to the lionesses of the movement. Great Liberal meetings were besieged and spoilt, batch after batch of women were sent to prison; the purple, green and white badges and banners of Clements Inn Authority were more familiar than the Union Jack; men banded themselves together into a league to help the women; thousands of pounds were subscribed to the Union funds at one night's meeting, and, from the usual worldly point of view, the Suffrage movement was the biggest and most imposing success of the day. From the *real* point of view, the point of view of the philosopher, the sage, or the divine, it was the most ghastly failure of modern times.

For it had lost its soul. To gain worldly honours and the support of money, it had pocketed its grand ideals and adopted the tactics, as well as the jargon, of the politicians it once despised. Its votaries became the lionesses of the

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hour. Tired and jaded middle and upper class women whose lives had been spent in devising means of wasting time and calling it sport, or social duty, took up the movement as a new diversion. The afternoon gatherings at the Pavilion were attended as regularly by the leisured Suffragettes as the music halls are frequented on a Monday afternoon by a certain type of people, and for much the same reason: they became an institution, it was "the thing" to go.

I have already mentioned the fact that the worker-speakers lost touch with their old co-workers, and the movement thereby lost something valuable. It was a double or a treble loss. The movement lost in strength, the workers lost the benefit of a wider outlook on life such as the cause could have given them, and what the speakers lost by getting divorced from the actualities of their own class we cannot compute. But although no longer amongst their own people, they were organised and utilised as all political human machines must be. The girl who had once lived and worked among the spindles of a factory, or taught children in an elementary school, or served out goods from behind a shop counter, and consequently knew intimately the lives, the thoughts, the hopes, the virtues, as well as the weaknesses and the failings of the working class, was sent to awaken a sense of pity in the breasts of an alien class which had no actual knowledge of the facts of life in the speaker's own world.

Arrayed in her new silk gown, her speeches fashioned for effective attack on the emotions of sentimental people who had money to spare, she devoted herself wholeheartedly to the swelling of the Union funds. Similarly the educated middle-class woman was frequently sent to win the sympathies of the workers by her charm and grace of manner. Both were successful—again using the word in its worldly sense. The woman worker-speaker did beguile some gold from the pockets of her high-class audience. The charming lady did win the help of some of her fellow organiser's one-time fellow workers, and the Union flourished accordingly. But at heart it was not sound. To be sound and healthy it required the steady, sane, quiet backing of the women it covertly flouted. Some of the working women who stuck to the flag were of the

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true heroic mould—and no one knows better than I do the quiet, steadfast heroism which has been displayed by hundreds of over-worked women of the lower classes in their fight for the vote—but many were women whose minds were easily played upon by the displayed smartness and wealth of their leaders; they liked to be amongst women who were obviously clever, well-bred and in easy circumstances; it flattered their vanity and was a welcome change in life, which, God knows, they needed. But the ordinary women, the workers whose heroism does not display itself daily and who have no desire for the patronage, or even familiarity, of the women of a higher social caste, soon felt themselves to be out of their element, and they refused definitely to join the movement; or, if they did join, soon left the field in the possession of the others.

To test this go to the big mills and workshops and see how much interest, not to mention enthusiasm, there is amongst the women there. You will find that the subject bores them, or is merely a peg for jokes. They have noted the spectacular side of the movement, they have apprehended the clever advertising which has carried it along, but they can detect no warm spirit of appreciation and understanding of their own lives and difficulties in its present propaganda. Whilst utilising their sex catch-words it has no vital meaning for them.

And that is as it should be. The movement deserves it. These women are outside the sphere of operations, and they feel and know it. Once they were breathing, living parts of the movement, the fight was being waged around and for them, and, willy-nilly they were in it. Now they are mere pawns in the game. If their grievances can be used for political argument, they are voiced in masterly fashion; if their grievances cannot be hooked on to their lack of political power, they are carefully ignored.

So here we stand to-day. A movement which should be democratic, so far as a sex affair can be said to be democratic, which should take in its ample sweep the majority of those for whom it labours, which, for its own sake, should have concentrated the ability and brilliance of its propaganda on the class from which the vast majority of its members must ultimately come, a movement

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which at its inception was drenched with the dew of a dawning idealism, and had a mighty reserve of self-sacrificing units ready and willing for martyrdom—a movement pregnant with possibilities and nerved for any ordeal, has been frittered away on political circuses and social ambitions. Its warriors have been spent on attacking almost impregnable positions from most idiotic grounds of disadvantage, and then, battered, bruised, and broken, cast aside with reckless abandon, to make room for other willing tools, who were wasted in the same way.

Now the whole position requires reconsideration. Is it, or is it not, advisable that militancy should be continued? It is pointed out with crushing force that militancy has been justified because of the public attention it has drawn to the women's demands. It is said that but for the tactics of the militant pioneers, the public would have remained in ignorance of the discontent that lay deep in the minds of the best of our nation's womanhood. You will hear men and women, who were once indifferent, stating with deep conviction that the Suffragettes should have anything and everything, before anyone and everyone else, because of their pluck and persistency. Whether we agree with this or not does not much matter; what I want to get at is just this: The mind which has been most impressed by the pluck and the fight of the women is the same type of mind as that which has carried on the movement and which has been its bane. The people who have been most moved by the fight are the people who have thought least on the matter which the fight was supposed to be about. The smashing of windows and the heckling of Cabinet Ministers, when accompanied by the cry of "Votes for Women," and the consideration of the latest shuffling of our legislators, has been as far as they have gone in their consideration of the "Cause." Unless, of course, they have had some private little grievance—generally a small point of law of little interest to the mass of women.

The real root of the trouble is the steady development of woman's work in the industrial field, with its concomitant exploitation—double exploitation—because of her sex. Added to this we have the complexities and anomalies of public life which take a woman's all and give her nothing in

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return, the marketing of that which should be above the call of the mart—the ecstasy of sex—because of the aforementioned industrial exploitation which drives women's wages below subsistence level, and the indignity of being forced to forgo certain privileges due to every member of any healthy community, simply because of artificial bonds rivetted by man and excused because of a purely natural division which gives no earthly reason for man's arbitrary and tyrannous actions. These and kindred difficulties have received little or no consideration from the people who have been loudest in their praise of militancy.

The militants themselves, when they did not entirely ignore the social and industrial phases of the subject, merely dealt with results instead of considering and explaining causes. The white slave traffic has been eloquently denounced by them, but no educative campaign, which would have opened the eyes of women workers to the root cause of this evil, has been undertaken. The inquirer has been led to imagine that the mere possession of a vote would keep any woman off the streets. The fight and the method of fight has been all, the reason and spirit has been nothing to the militants and their supporters.

The blind militancy of the past makes it all the more difficult for any great change to be made in the future. It is generally recognised that when one has embarked on a policy of fight, when one has invoked physical force, it must be gone on with until one side wins out or a truce is called. Unfortunately, the Government does not seem inclined to call a truce. Moreover, the first blow may be but a gentle persuader, more of a threat than a blow, but if the smitten one retaliates, then the succeeding blows in the contest must be more and more forcible. And to this pitch has the movement now come. The flinging of a hatchet and the attempted burning of a theatre cannot well be improved upon unless the malcontents go on to the logical ultimate and commit murder and burn and sack a town. Indeed, it has been obvious to unbiassed outsiders for quite a long time that any militancy short of this is of no account. The public have ceased to be interested in the more peddling forms of breaking the peace. So to this are the Suffragettes driven: Shall they commit murder and pillage and endeavour to inaugurate a state of sex

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civil war, an attempt which would be sure to fail because their greatest enemies are the women who should be in their ranks, or shall they drop militancy and reconsider their position, adopting tactics less diverting and less in the limelight, but which would undoubtedly prove of more lasting benefit to the movement in the future?

And here we are swung right back to my first point: What *would* be of lasting benefit to the cause? The one thing needed is the support, the active co-operation and sympathetic understanding of women wage-earners. Until working women take up the movement in real earnest, until they realise the connection between their low wages, their social cramping, their sex dependence, and their political enslavement, until they realise that the vote is merely a symbol of their implied inferiority, but to be won and understood so that their other withheld rights may be understood and won, the movement will never be a success in any good and righteous sense of the term. Indeed, in a vague sort of way, women workers have apprehended this. That is why they have never settled in the movement. They have never felt that the women who worried and pestered them to agitate meant what they themselves meant by "rights" and "wrongs." They detected a slight odour of distrust or contempt or hatred of man, and they do not hate or distrust or indulge in feelings of contempt for their menfolk. So they looked coldly on what should have been their movement, and good-humouredly criticised its motives and manifestations—or ignored it. Anyhow, they kept out.

There is little hope of the existing militant organisation's adopting new methods. They are so obsessed with the idea of their own importance, the outward forms of popular success have so gripped their imagination, and they have for so long basked in the comfort which wealth brings, and posed so often before the gentlemen who supply photographs to the Press, that it would be asking too much of them to suggest that they should scrap their old weapons and practically go back to where they began their campaign. But that is what is needed, what has been needed all the time. The mill-girls who are now interested in the suffrage should be kept, if not in the mill, at any rate in close proximity to it; they should be quartered in a factory

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district where they can keep in touch with mill life and see that other mill-girls keep in touch with them.

Hard work in the form of rousing the women workers to a sense of their economic dependency, and how this is reflected in their political outlawry, must be undertaken. It will for long be a thankless task for those who undertake it. There will be no wild scimmages and prison cells and welcome-home banquets and the smiles and beams of highly-placed supporters; the Press will ignore the work, but it will be infinitely more valuable to the race. For what is needed is the spread of knowledge amongst women.

Had all the zeal and fervour, the courage and persistency, the thousands of keen young souls anxious to help in the emancipation of their sex, had all the labour and tears of the past seven years been expended on teaching the women of the working classes what the vote was supposed to be for, and explaining why they needed it, instead of merely demanding that the Liberal Government should give it, the purple, green and white banner would not have been so well known, but scores of thousands of hard-pressed women toilers would have been possessed of the new faith and their eyes would have been opened to the whole system which oppresses and enslaves them. It may be said that this would not have brought women so near to getting the vote as they are to-day. Perhaps it would not. But if the vote had taken twice as long to get by these methods, it would have been worth a thousand times more to the women when they had got it.

And the movement would have kept its soul.

Thoughts and Some Letters

By Gaby Deslys

You ask where I was born? At Marseilles! And I think that its lively and *pétillant* air has entered into my blood. It is to that that I owe my gaiety and verve: and I have much need of these memories to make myself gay in this misty England, especially the winter, when the sun only lets itself be guessed at through the clouds and the fog. And when it shines, it is like an *œuf poché*.

About the theatre? *Eh bien*, one forms illusions on the life of the theatre and the music hall. No work of office or of business exacts an effort so assiduous or so hard. It is a *carvée* which never ceases. It is much harder than an office: no absence is permitted, even for illness, even for grave illness. If one absents oneself, even for an evening, it is lost ground; if one does not appear for several months, one is forgotten. For the public forgets quickly, its want of memory is *effroyable*. The most applied man can leave his office for some time without enduring any loss, but not the music hall *artiste*. She must always fill her engagements, even if she must drag herself from her bed suffering and half dead.

It is first to that, that I owe my success I am sure, to my will, to my application, to a certain abnegation.

These qualities are hereditary to me, for I am of a *bourgeoise* and commercial family: my childhood was passed in this middle, middle as much removed as possible and opposed to a theatrical middle.

Even the strongest memory that I have of my family is the anti-theatrical spirit that reigned there. My father had all the old prejudices of his class. His prejudices were aggravated by his official relations, his family being allied with the *personelle* of the Préfecture. Laborious and practical, all the amusements and all the pleasures were a

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danger, for they could *déranger* and interrupt the pursuit of affairs; and of all these distractions the theatre was the most dangerous, the one that could draw on to the worst excesses and the worst disorders. Therefore, he would not hear one talk of it. He refused himself even to take us to the theatre. Once a year he took us to the circus, and it is this solemn occasion that I remember well. He endeavoured to *inculquer* us these qualities of application and punctuality with a great severity. But it is just these qualities that were going to be needed by me. I have met many young women who are more *douées* than me, who were prettier than me, who danced and sang better, and who as Parisians had this *chien*, this *esprit*, this particular *repartie* that one does not learn in the province. Yet I have passed them all, and always for the same reason that they had less will than me, that they were less tenacious, less applied. I have made my road in the music hall because my character is essentially that of a *bourgeoise rangée*. I have the spirit of duty.

I must explain that a little bit. The *artistes*, at least the young ones, make for themselves rather the same illusion as the public. They believe it an easy and amusing life. Quite the contrary, especially in the beginning when one has a small *rôle*, one must work and endure many *dégoûts*. This never suits a young person, especially if this young person is female, young and beautiful: why endure the insolences of the direction, and the dressing-room dirty, black, and too cold and too hot, and the opinion of a common public? And all that for sixteen francs the evening with all the uncertainty of an engagement. One evening *un ami lui offre le salaire d'un mois si elle veut s'amuser follement pour une soirée: elle plaque le café concert comme une sole*. Even if she is *sérieuse* she feels that she is young and that she must profit by the short years. She takes too many *nondays*. But I never take holidays, I amuse myself but rarely: I am *acharnée* at my work, I leave it never, I never *relâche*. And yet everybody, I am sure, thinks me a mad creature, *évanouie* and *facile*, who goes through life dancing. But I am one of the most *sérieuses* women in the world, and that is the only kind of woman who can succeed in my walk of life.

It is the severity of the principles in which I was brought

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up, let it be said in passing, and all those prejudices which led me into it: The theatre, it was the fruit forbidden and unknown, therefore desirable. It had therefore an irresistible attraction for me, I felt it my vocation, and when the affairs of my father grew bad and it became evident that I must gain my living, I spent two years studying secretly at the Conservatoire. Yet if I turned myself aside from the theatre to the music hall, it is the same character calculating and practical which is the cause of it.

Yet I do not speak only for myself when I say that the music hall is *méconnu*. If one thinks of it, nothing is more easy than to play a small part at a theatre; the person the most stupid in the world has only to obtain the part: then she goes off to a professor who teaches her the way to say each word, to make each gesture; she can rehearse for four months till she knows it like a parrot. In a word, an actress, and I believe it is the case with the greatest number, does not put of her own in it: she does not really interpret, she has no impression, no emotion, no idea, she exerts herself not at all to translate it to the public: that is to say, she is not, in a true sense of the word, an artist. I except, naturally, the great actresses who translate really their ideas: but it is just the contrast that they make with the average of their colleagues which makes come out in a striking fashion the want absolute of originality from which suffer the great part of these colleagues. But at the music hall one cannot play in this artificial manner. Everything that one does, everything that one says, it is necessary that one should invent it, that one should find it, that one should make it reach the public. One does not give us our parts written for a professor of the Conservatoire to teach it to us by heart. Our gestures, our words, sometimes even our music, we find it ourselves. It is our ideas, our impressions that we deliver to the public. Our impressions are vulgar, we are awkward and *grossiers*, if one wishes I admit it. But we are more true than the actors, more sincere. I am content that they have more of what the English call respectability. But we have more art. It is time that one should do justice to us, and that one should recognise that if one envisages the question in an impartial manner, it is we who should

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occupy the superior place and be awarded the honours. I am happy to be able to put forward these *revendications* for a whole profession.

For example, for I cannot help speaking of myself, in the part of Mlle. Chic that I play at the Palace at present I represent a person *folle et devergondée*. I suspect that everyone thinks it is all natural, and that I have only to act as I act in private life, *enfin* that I do not play a part. They deceive themselves, they do not know me, I am not at all the personage that I represent. Why, then, one will ask me, represent a demoiselle of the kind? First because I am enough wise and *posée* enough to recognise that my means do not allow me to approach the very great parts, the Phèdres and Célimènes: I do what I can. If nature had endowed me without doubt I would have rivalled with Sarah Bernhardt and Brandès; but not being able to be nor the one nor the other, I would rather be Gaby Deslys than no one at all. Next, I understand perfectly the popularity of Mlle. Chic, better, I believe, than the amiable public which applauds me each evening with so much goodness. It is that the majority of men would like to pass a fifteen days at Deauville with a person *folle* and *dévergondée* like her! I flatter this interior dream, for half an hour they have imaginary *jouissances* that the mediocrity of their lives interdicts happily in reality. My friends tell me just there is an old clergyman that comes each week to see me, fat, rustic, red, who *se rince l'œil* in the promenade. There is one just who *se dédommage*. Mlle. Chic at Deauville interests them much otherwise than Phédre and her sufferings, or Célimène and her coquetries. Blame these, therefore, and not me for what there is vulgar and *polisson* in the representation. I win my livelihood. I would wish to insist that it is a part that I play, and a part difficult enough!

I say, and I always pursue the same idea that it is with difficulty and that I had to make an effort very great to play the *vierge folle*, being a person *bourgeoise* and practical. Nothing in my education has prepared me for it, nor my family, nor certainly the *pensionnat*, nor the Conservatoire. I am sure that one expected on my part an article written in pure slang. I am incapable of it. My language, it is the language of the *pensionnat* (very

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honourable) where I was brought up. There is what proves that my representation of Mlle. Chic is a work of art and not the spontaneous expression of my personality. It is only with difficulty and care that I have taught myself my parts.

Here I touch the other essential condition of success in my career and, in my opinion, in no matter what other career, I have a very exact sense of my forces: I do not exaggerate. It is that which pushed me to the kind of representations which I give. I was two years at the Conservatoire, and I learnt what is learnt there, singing and diction, etc. But I quickly understood the nature of my talent. I have been modest and I have well seen that I was neither a tragedian nor a comedian nor a singer nor a dancer nor a mime: that many others were more pretty than me: that I did not dance very well and that I did not sing very well, but that also I could do a little of all; I sang a little, danced a little, *mimais* a little. *Enfin* that my true *genre* was a salad *genre* where there was a little of everything, which was not possible at the theatre strictly so called. That is why I say it is my practical and calculating character that has taken me far from the theatre. I have understood my capacities. I have composed, after this calculation, all the parts I have played with success.

One has been so *gentil* with me in England that I do not like to make my criticism of the theatre or the public which gives me always so cordial a reception. But I am always a little *choquée*. *Parfaitement*. One applauds me, one greets me with a kindness for which I am very grateful, but one does not laugh, one is not amused, one takes me seriously. When I appear *en pantalons* the whole audience seems to hold its breath. Why? My intention it is to make it laugh. It is the effect that the sudden view of a young woman *en déshabillé* should have on people *bien pensants*. One only has to go to no matter what comedy at the Palais Royal, or elsewhere in Paris, to be aware that that is just the effect that such a scene has on the French public. The scenes which are *polissonnes* amuse it: they cease, therefore, to be *scabreuses*, and have no bad side. But at London I have been immediately struck with the emotion that a *grivoise* scene produces. It has much embarrassed

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me. For I only tried to make people laugh. But I fear I give them other sentiments and worse ones. Why? My *lingerie* is not really very different to what one can see in the front of a shop or the advertisements of newspapers. But it appears that far from having the comic and innocent effect that I look for, I give bad impressions. This is at least the opinion of the Censor, who intervened at several places in the little piece that I play at present at the Palace. One remembers that at a given moment the young man hides himself in my room; in the version played he hides behind a curtain. But in the original version he hides himself, all dressed, naturally, in my bed. The *jeu de scène* consists in that I get, all dressed too, into bed without perceiving him: all at once I am aware that I am not alone, and I jump up. I, if I had seen that, either on the stage or in life, I would have twisted myself with laughter. Nothing more amusing. But the Censor, the Chamberlain, has intervened and has highly declared that such a scene was *désordonnée* and of bad *mœurs*. Really, I thought that Englishmen must have more *sangfroid* than that. The pieces at the theatre, the numbers at the music hall, are more *convenable* in London than in Paris. But, if I dare so express myself, the spirit of the public is less.

I have just read in the paper this morning that some people which the paper calls the Purity Brigade are going to attack me. There is a very military name, Brigade, but I do not think it is soldiers. The paper is a little vague, but it says:—

“The publicity given to the performance of Miss Gaby Deslys aroused the attention of the Purity Campaigners.”

Then a gentleman

“Who is prepared to give evidence against several turns,” pronounces himself in this way:—

“I have no hesitation in saying that the turns I refer to are not fit to be seen by women, girls, youths, and children.”

I think that he makes evidently allusion to me.

I am indignant a little that one treats me as a corrupting power of infancy. I can quick prove that this is a falsity, after the enormous correspondence which *afflue* to me each day and after which one can judge exactly of the influence that I have. I will try and class it.

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The greater part of the letters compose themselves of charming letters of young girls, with demands of signatures which I always send, and expressions of friendship which touch me and to which I would like well to have time to answer. *Tenez*, here is a letter very characteristic, as I receive three or four each day, from two little friends.

"MA CHÈRE MLLE. GABY,

Comment est-ce que nous pouvons vous remercier pour votre bonté l'autre soir. There is nothing we enjoy more than to see you acting, and to talk to you, and we admire you and your personality more than any actress we have ever seen, and we go to the theatre a great deal—we are having a large photograph taken to give you to take away with you to remind you of your two Irish friends, if you will accept it."

Elles sont charmantes, n'est-ce pas?

"I do hope your cold is better, and do you really mean us to come on Wednesday to the Palace to the *matinée*? Good luck to you, and we enjoyed the sketch more than ever on Wednesday night.

Get better soon,

Love from"

My little friends have the *esprit* perfectly *juste*. When I *gambade* on the stage *en déshabillé*, they only see in it fun and *gentillesse*, not a shadow of a bad thought.

Then there are the letters of the young man, a less numerous class, the greater part of the time coming from the *employé* very poor who wishes to marry me. I take one at chance on my desk.

"DEAR MLLE. GABY,

I saw you at the Palace on Saturday night last and I felt I must write to you and tell you what I think of you.

I went there and then I saw you.

If I were older I should have fallen in love with you and then I should have made you marry me, but as I am only seventeen and poor I cannot very well do that."

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Il a du toupet, mais ce n'est qu'un petit garçon.

"I was glad when the curtain went down, for you played upon my feelings so. My heart went up and down with your every movement.

Good-bye,

Believe me to be, Mlle.,

Your devoted servant,"

There are also the letters, which, however, every actress receives in great quantity, of the young man who has the goodness to ask her to *faire la fête* with him. Here is one which has arrived this morning from the Military College at Camberley.

"DEAR MADEMOISELLE,

I do hope you will forgive the liberty of my writing to you, but as I am now quite unable to get to town to see you, I feel absolutely bound to. As you and your acting have always fascinated me so much, I went, without getting leave, to London last Saturday to see you act again. Unfortunately, I was seen up in London by my company officer, with the result that I shall not be able to get leave till December. After seeing you at the Palace, I went to the Piccadilly Hotel, hoping to see you there."

Quel dévouement! Quel sacrifice!

"I am so anxious to meet you soon, perhaps in London? Perhaps in Paris? Hoping you will excuse my temerity and find a spare moment to see me,

I am your sincere admirer,"

All these good friends, of which the letters form the greatest part of those I receive, understand me perfectly: I am for them a charming person and amusing, and nothing more.

There are other letters more rare. I have searched and I have found one of a monsieur who evidently belongs to the Impurity Brigade, as this newspaper would say. Here she is:—

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"DEAR MISS DESLYS,

Perhaps you would sufficiently care for my acquaintance to give me the pleasure of your company for a few days, preferably in Paris.

I think if you would give me the pleasure of an interview I could make satisfactory arrangements for you.

As I prefer to keep the matter confidential, would you be good enough to communicate with me at my business address, from which I write.

I am a man of a certain age, but nevertheless I am not too old to be unappreciative of your charms."

One has told me that after the address it must be a notary. On this old monsieur, as on the monsieur of the Purity Brigade, I produce a bad effect, it is true. But it is not I which corrupt, it is they who have been corrupted. All I do it is to touch, to reveal the *plaie* of which they both suffer. The two monsieurs, the Purity and the Impurity, are equally bad. I prefer a little the Impurity. Let one not blame me if I trouble both these *vilains personnages*.

I do not speak for myself or in manner of protestation. But the ideas of the Purity Campaigners are a bad side of English life: the Mlle. Chics must not be taken seriously. I would well like to teach the English whom I love so much the good old *rire gaulois*. Their national life would become more wholesome.

Here I ought, I think, to make a lamentable confession. I am like a brilliant light which draws insects of all kinds and all sizes. But it is not me, I fear, but my money which brings them. It is the *éclat* of my pearls, and not my eyes, which charms them. My enemy, it is *l'escroquerie*, not love. In each hotel where I go the manager is *épouvanté* at the band of *rastas* who descend there and try and make conversation with me; I have nearly been caught several times. At New York lately a gentleman made acquaintance with me under pretext to offer me the presidency of an aviation contest. He made me all sorts of attentions, flowers, dinners, maintaining always an attitude of the most correct: I several times refused valuable presents from him; at last he insisted to offer a monster supper to all the company of the theatre, more than two hundred people.

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About one o'clock in the morning he offered to reconduct me in his motor; by principle I refused, not without remorse, and came back in mine with my maid. What luck! I would have been *dévalisée*. It was a well-known *filou*. In the following week I received the bill of the supper—£200—of the flowers, of jewels, of the motor, *enfin*, of all. All had been ordered in my name. He did several months' prison. Also I receive many more honourable propositions of marriage than of love. *Tenez*, here is a curious one that I received in Paris and which I translate at my best:—

“DEAR MISS DESLYS,

My friend the Marquis of X, having remarked you several times and lengthily admired you, has charged me with a proposition that you may consider advantageous.

The Marquis of X belongs, as you must know, to our old nobility, and after having lost all his fortune has retired in his castle of Y. During his last voyage to Paris, we had, he and I, been to applaud you; and in seeing you he has become so in love that he has charged me to make a proposition of marriage.

The great name he bears will compensate you perhaps for the mediocre state of his fortune. If this proposition suits you, perhaps you would have the goodness to give me a meeting.”

Every woman who has succeeded on the stage and becomes known to the public must sustain criticisms and attacks. Therefore, I console myself, for I understand that it is just the price of success and its consequences. I do not think that men make for themselves a just idea of the consequences. The great, the inestimable advantage of success at the theatre, it is independence! It is really the only place where a woman can win it, economic independence, the only real independence. It is the only place where a woman finds a real salary. I know that they try in business and in the professions, but they have till this moment not reached to occupy other than subaltern positions and derisive gains. One pays them just what to live off, but not enough for them to have that comfort without which life has no value for the greater part of women.

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Therefore, they must bear man, all, all women, *cocottes* or married women. To look nearer the difference disappears, from the social and economic point of view there is none. They are all in his dependence. There is only one true exception, that is the actresses, for they alone gain enough to have luxury, and the artistes of music halls, who of our day win still more.

The majority of women affect to despise the women of the theatre and music hall. I do not wish them anything for it, though their despising draws on us sometimes humiliations. For I believe that the real motive of their attitude, it is spite: they recognise their own subjection, our liberty; they envy it us, their despising, it is their little revenge. Quite naturally the men do not understand that, and one does not tell them! It would flatter too little their *orgueil*.

Women are yet wrong to bear envy to us who have been the first to enfranchise us, especially in our time when enfranchisement of women is a movement general in all the countries that I have visited. They ought on the contrary to greet us with their sympathies, to make ovations to us. For though many women talk and speak for the feminist cause, we are the only ones who have acted. For myself, I have much sympathy for the movement, but I am sure that the only means *d'aboutir* it is to follow the road which I have followed. One pretends often that the women are less intelligent than the men, less apt to work. The reason that one alleges, it is that the heart, the sentiments, the passions have too much influence on us. It is true, they are not numerous those who escape like me these movements. But there are as many as there are men, who *y passent* for the most part as much as we do. My life has not been long, but on that subject I perhaps have an exceptional experience.

The point which is especially *sensible* with other women, it is that our liberty permits us the *union libre* and lets us escape marriage. Marriage substitutes the legal tie for the moral tie. Once married, two persons think themselves permitted to be as selfish, brutal, *maussades*, *méchants* as possible, for these defects have no consequence, except in the extreme cases when divorce can intervene. But this remedy is distant, costly, and difficult. While in the *union*

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libre that we practise, two beings are as charming the one towards the other as possible, for rupture is easy and immediate. The bond is only a bond of sentiments, and all the *égards* and all the *douceurs* of the engagement and the honeymoon last for ever with the *amants*. And how often they cease in marriage! If you doubt me, ask any of your married lady friends!

Vintage : 1912

By Norman Douglas

READERS are becoming more and more connoisseurs of sensations; they commune with an author not only for what he writes, but for what he is; they endeavour to spy into the windows of his soul and to overhear him chronicling his most casual moods and impressions. They want to learn how things affect him. It is the feature of to-day—the personal trend.

Hence that inundation of a certain class of memoirs which excited the wrath of the *Observer* and incidentally opened up a few pertinent questions regarding the ethics of criticism and the sensibilities of the frail and fastidious publisher. Diaries, correspondences, autobiographies, reminiscences, family papers—the shelves are groaning under them. Mostly trash, too. The *Love Affairs of the Vatican*, and so forth—these are threadbare themes which, artfully handled, might yet provide a certain amount of amusement. But who on earth can be entertained by these preposterous records of drowsy county families, by the moralisings of cosmopolitan harlots, or globe-trotting experiences of flabby, second-rate royalties? And are we never to hear the last of Lady Hamilton?

Bad! The interviewer and yellow journalism and cheap society papers are fostering a new kind of public, an anthropophagous public; one which craves not for information, but for personalities. And I fancy the invasion of literature by a strong feminine contingent has contributed to the same end. For we may as well confess that to a large section of lady authors an idea, pure and simple, conveys nothing: there must be a man standing behind it. Bad—bad! It is not a questioning habit; it is a prying habit.

Now if we must pry, why not study the adorable, the

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unique Jane Cakebread in the pages of *London's Underworld*? Here is a human document for you, poignant and truthful! Or immerse yourself in Mr. Williams' *Life of John Rickman*—a sturdy individuality much needed nowadays; or watch the luminous spirit of George Meredith striving to break through thick folds of Gothic obfuscation. Unquestionably, there has been no lack, this year, of biographical literature worthy of the name. But such good things are forgotten in the rush of excitement over the last, and positively final, indiscretions of some withered Court flunkey.

There is a reverse to the medal, of course. Since the glacial objectivity of the old-time biographer is dying out—since it is quite the right thing, nowadays, for everyone to indite the life-history of his own parents and uncles and aunts—we shall soon be “writing up” our children—it stands to reason that a certain warmth of colouring is gained (at the expense, maybe, of veracity; for some of these memoirs are rather mendacious. But what does it matter, where nonentities are concerned?) This makes pleasanter reading; it adds a kindly touch. And the same in other departments. Old travel-books, for example, are apt to be chilling; in the newer variety, the writer takes you into his confidence and bears you along. We do not need the recently published *Arthur James Balfour as Philosopher and Thinker* to remind us that the written product of an author may be a negligible quantity as compared with his personality. A self-consistent writer—one who rings true—can therefore secure more attention by the personal method than by the other one. For we are all creatures of impulse, liable to unguarded moments, and there is a contagion in wisely premeditated *asides* on the part of such a man; from sharing his feelings we are insensibly led to adopt his views. But the chronicling of moods depends upon whose moods they are. Whoever is not constitutionally honest, had better remain impersonal.

Here is a recent biographical experiment in the other direction: the life of a well-known man of letters cast, under the thinnest of disguises, into the form of an imaginary “record.” One may understand why *Henry Maitland* took this queer shape, and yet deplore the fact.

And one may approve the author's general courage, but still regret certain particular manifestations. In any case, the book should raise problems of literary morality—problems that deserve to be discussed from time to time, seeing that the standard shifts. For my part: *pereat mundus*. Disclosures are justified when they afford a key to character. So be it. The principle is sound, and a more appropriate distance of time and personal relationship may help, in other instances, to tone down its asperity. And yet, if our youthful confidences and follies are going to be set on record by a chosen boyish comrade for the delectation of self-righteous posterity—why, hang it, who is safe? The contingency adds yet another terror to the life of all save the hopelessly obscure.

Pereat mundus. It is the watchword of the day, among rational people. The break-up of hierarchies and nucleated centres is nowhere more apparent than in journalism, where the "permanent staff" has become an extremely impermanent institution; but in other departments, too, the free-lance, the outsider, is having everything his own way. Traditional authority fades away before his undisciplined but often beneficent onslaughts.

That oracular, leisured don-type which is supposed to make for elaboration and formalism—far be it from me to accuse Messrs. Benson and Gilbert Murray of this propensity—will soon be as rare as the dodo, and this, notwithstanding the fact that from those studious and chastely decorated cloisters has issued a light of Hellenistic revival—fit counterblast to the recrudescence, in other quarters, of Celtic nebulosity. For the amateur is sometimes tonic. I take down, from my "miscellaneous" shelf, the *Works of Man*, by Mr. March Phillipps. Here is a stimulating, lucid, non-derivative piece of work, and one that would have caused a flutter in certain academic dovecotes if—if their inmates had not retired to roost, after the manner of their kind, rather early in the day. That this book, which would strain neither the morals nor the brain-power of a grocer's assistant, and give pleasure at the same time to the wisest of sages—that such a remarkable performance was barely mentioned by the Press, is somewhat discouraging. . . .

While Messrs. Birrell and John Morley are submerged

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in cares of State, Mr. Gosse has happily found time to give us one or two of his characteristic volumes, enlivened by those playful, cat-like touches to which his dearest friends ought to be accustomed, by this time. And how admirably he has done in that appreciation of the protean Andrew Lang! It is well to pause awhile and call up the personality of that anomalous and elvish mortal who permeated like some life-giving fluid so many walks of our literature, and then, last summer, took his leave almost unnoticed—in quiet, gentlemanly fashion, one might say, leaving the assembled company gaily chattering.

For the rest, the past twelve months have been quite remarkable for things that have not occurred. Mr. Conrad has not given us one of his great romances; Mr. Wells has written nothing to approach the *Macchiavelli*; Mr. Arnold Bennett still hesitates about another *Old Wives' Tale*; Mr. Galsworthy is meditating—I know not what. The *White Peacock*, that attractive fowl, has somehow or other hatched a rather ugly duckling, and glancing through the list of lady writers, I see notable endeavours by Miss Letts and Miss Harraden, but nothing to rival the charm and staying power of, say, Ouida's *Massarenes*.

But we have had one apparition—Mr. Masfield.

There were letters in a certain journal deprecating his method of treatment; and the controversy that ensued must be regarded in the light of a blessing, for it is time that even the man in the street realised what doctors have been telling us for a long while past, namely, that hyper-sensitiveness in the matter of what is morbid or immoral is far from being always a good sign. One is glad to think that this purity-hankering is not congenital to Englishmen; it is only a hereditary pose, common to many healthy folks who fancy themselves valetudinarians. We are not all such fools as some of us try to look. We know that Mr. Masfield deals with interesting topics in an interesting manner. What more shall be asked of an author?

Other songsters have warbled melodiously this year; Mr. Davies, the artless lyricist—Mr. Sturge Moore—Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie. But *Denys of Auxerre* belongs to another category; its author stands apart, an anchorite on his column, in enviable isolation.

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Many of our best poets, like Messrs. Masfield and W. W. Gibson (close-grained stuff, his *Fires*, and very curious!) are enthusiastic students of the lower orders. The same applies to a goodly number of our promising fiction writers. An odd phenomenon, when one comes to think of it—this persistent preoccupation with sordid people. Are these men driven to such themes by virtue of their non-academic upbringing, or do they consider the feelings of higher and more complex grades of society to be definitely exploited? Or perhaps they merely transport us into this strangely dun world for variety and distraction—as they would to a picture gallery or music hall. Be that as it may, one observes a change in their attitude—a change for the better. For not so long ago we treated our humbler fellow-creatures much in the same fashion as we still treat our dogs, reading sentiments into them which they would have scorned to possess.

That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seemed surging the Virgilian cry—
The sense of tears in mortal things. . . .

There, that is what Matthew Arnold can read into a dog, watching its master at work upon a tender beefsteak; and such was our point of view towards poor folk. We explained them, wrongly.

This form of introspection is on the wane. The men I have referred to are not of this explanatory genus: they are too sincere to affect desire of kinship with squalid and often incomprehensible mortals. They describe feelingly: that is all. But, oh, for a little more mirthfulness in their pages—a few echoes of those fierce raptures that are the happy prerogative of men who relish their football and beer and rat-catching with a gusto unknown to ourselves! The lower we descend, the more boisterous the fun. Shoreditch, sombre without, is full of fine bestial joys. Why not let us share them?

Long proletarian novels in the *Esther Waters* style are not only depressing, they involve a positive strain on the reader who tries to keep his mind, through 100,000 words, at the level of the people below himself. It is exactly like talking to small children, which everybody but a hypocrite

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will find a relief at first, and even exhilarating; but presently a heart-breaking weariness. The artistic delineation of the poor is essentially fitted for brief vignettes and genre-studies. Unfortunately, our short story, just now, is in a parlous state.

One might think that a public fed upon the gross fare of the 'sixties and 'seventies had acquired a palate too vitiated to appreciate the delicacy of the plain tale, were it not that—as if to convince us of our error—the English language can boast of some of the finest specimens of this ideal microcosm. Commercial considerations, possibly, have tempted Mr. Kipling and others of his standing to abandon this line, and, judging by appearances, it looks as if the short story were in danger of becoming the monopoly of certain lady authors, the majority of whom follow in the footsteps of Miss Edith Wharton.

They are shadows of the shadow of Mr. Henry James, and this, perhaps, is the best that can be expected of a school whose wisdom is seldom derivable from direct contact with nature. For what *can* these excellent dames know of life, living life? What chances have they had of exploring the wild places of earth—the wild places of the human mind? Have they ever, amid their rounds of tea-parties and concerts, stood aside from the crowd, pondering, or suffering in silence; or laid themselves open, with becoming humility, to the teachings of a great thinker of any age or country; or delved into anything whatever, save themselves? And if not, how shall that come out of them which was never in them? They eke out lack of depth by superfluity of surface-polish—that hard, machine-made glitter and supercilious juggling with the obvious which is praised as “style” by chivalrous reviewers. But shadows are invertebrate, inessential things, and I question whether the heart can really be stirred by people who tell us nothing, however brilliantly they do it.

Most refreshing, after such tricklings of fatal facility, are the exotic gleams of Mr. Joseph Conrad, or Mr. Cunningham-Graham's harsh, masculine savours. In their pages—apart from all other differences—there is none of that pitiless lustre; the lights and shadows are unevenly distributed, as they are in nature, or in any masterpiece of art.

To contemplate the sad condition of the tale in England

is to perceive more clearly its potentialities. But our Anglo-Saxon Maupassant—will he ever appear? The prognosis is not favourable. The Anglo-Saxon Maupassant . . . There is something hopeless in the very name.

For far behind these disquietingly clever ladies there comes the young male *raconteur*, who conjures up, out of his inner consciousness, horrific visions of baby-snatchings and mutilations and seductions that seize the reader by the throat, as it were, and defy him not to be moved. The tints are laid on too thick; it is the old, old story: lack of worldly knowledge. No scoundrels are so uniformly black as theirs; and if they were, it seems to me hardly fair, when we are only searching for æsthetic delight, to have our bowels of compassion played upon in such a vigorous style. This is hitting below the belt.

Mr. Onions has given us a well-discussed book this year: *According to the Evidence*. It is a short story gone wrong—the usual trade exigencies. . . . Conscientious work, none the less, and throbbing with a virile energy that gives pleasure in these hermaphrodite days. But when all is said and done, such volumes are astonishing rather than good. One wonders what a French critic would say to them.

What he would say? Something, probably, like Remy de Gourmont when he remarked that *l'esprit aussi a sa pudeur*. This *pudeur de l'esprit*, the hall-mark of literary respectability across the water, is still discouraged hereabouts. We like to shock and to be shocked, oblivious of the truth—was it Emerson said it?—that a gentleman or lady is never shocked. That is because in literature we have enjoyed the schooling, not of ladies and gentlemen, but of better-class housemaids. We are insufficiently demoralised. Our readers are in a *demi-vierge* condition—thirsting for debauchery, yet blushing at the mere suggestion of a naked truth.

In spleenful moments, one may well yearn for a second *Silver Domino*, or, better still, a dozen combative anti-vulgarians like Edgar Poe, to clear the atmosphere. For a hush of parochial noncommittalism broods over it. Abstractions are bad form; originality and laughter taboo. We are solemn without being profound; prurient and

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nowise passionate; inquisitive, but monstrously incurious. In the place of wit or humour we cultivate a ghastly facetiousness that chills the marrow. Most assuredly there is better writing in the daily papers than in many hundred books that have appeared in 1912.

It is the undisciplined amateur, once more. Count up the leading authors of France, and you will find that they have specialised as men of letters; they are imbued with the principles of their calling and a sense of their responsibility towards the public. Ours, for the most part, are nothing of the kind. They are politicians, bankers, society women and what not, who "throw off" books of imagination in their all too frequent leisure moments, and degrade their readers by writing down to them and adopting a crowd-morality inimical to all purposes of art because it utters the ominous word: *Connu!* Then there is that other kind of amateur: the well-intentioned kind. There have been published this year a number of much-advertised treatises on matters social, economical and philosophical, by writers who have not been at the trouble to acquire the rudiments of the knowledge necessary for their task. They have tried to build houses without bricks. Their ineffectual earnestness and quaint technique constitute that *tomboy element* in English literature which is a perennial source of amazement to foreign critics. How young we are sometimes—how pathetically young!

Young, and insular. We are getting Dostoieffsky in a translation which is an honour to our language; Nietzsche and other Continental thinkers are at our disposal. But unlike the rest of Europe, we refuse to submit ourselves to their influence. They remain aliens, in whom we take a frenzied but short-lived interest. The *Nation*, I fancy, was the only paper that welcomed the *Miss Juliet* of Strindberg, who had been not only a great playwright, but a living intellectual force, for many long years, in other countries.

The stage, again. But for our imperviousness, we might profitably pick up a few foreign notions. As it is, we can rear structures fit to contain a stage and an audience; we devote some ingenuity to subsidiary branches of decoration; we even import a good play or two—from Lancashire; and there the matter rests. Someone lately observed that our reality and its theatrical representation run on different

lines—parallel lines—lines that never meet. It was well said. And then, the Censor—always the Censor! Even the Germans are just now having their fling at this unhappy anachronism. They are pleased to forget the recent disembowelling of the *Zauberflöte* at Berlin by censorship of a kind that we can dispense with, in England.

Has it been ever thus? Will it be ever thus? Of course not. We are changing as fast as we can. The enlightened Englishman of to-day—what has such a being in common with that rather lovable fop, drunkard and bully who would faint with ecstasy over Byron's *Parisina*, after pistolling his best friend in a duel about a wench or a lap-dog? We are changing, and not always for the worse. For example, an undercurrent of truth-seeking has set in—we see it clearly in the raised standard of literary criticism. The genial scintillations of Mr. Hueffer, the pseudo-irresponsibility of Mr. George Moore, the warm and humane scholarship of Mr. Seccombe—this is something fresh, something different from the old Edinburgh style, something better than mere Oxford. And here are biographical studies by Messrs. Edward Thomas, Abercrombie, Swinnerton, and others—all published this year—all keen, discriminating. A feature, this.

To my way of thinking, such men do not strike their roots with sufficient vigour and filial affection into that mother earth whence we all derive our being; they look askance at the physiological interpretation of mentalities which Mr. J. M. Robertson endeavoured to acclimatise on our soil; in other words, they are Englishmen, intimate rather than spacious—for your Anglo-Saxon, far-sighted where practical, mundane affairs are concerned, is distrustful of remote issues in matters of the mind. Nevertheless, they are truth-seekers, candid and efficiently equipped—cultivators, moreover, of that light touch which is so hard of attainment under grey northern skies, amid sentimental and strenuous surroundings. Open these volumes where you will, and the fact is patent.

But who does open them?

There must be—there is—a microscopic community here which reads not to learn but to weigh and consider; but those others, when not momentarily engaged upon some

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intense blue-book research, read only for relaxation. The light that strikes the topmost branches has not penetrated to the undergrowth, and in such matters, no doubt, we contrast unfavourably with the French public, which throws into its appreciation of art and literature that zest which we reserve for—well, for our golf. We respect their books: they envy our sports. And granted that physical and mental culture are mutually exclusive after a certain degree of excellence has been attained, who shall say we are in the wrong? Those old Greeks, if we are to believe them, solved the problem of combining the two. But the world was smaller in those days.

Our novels being commercialised, we must look rather to those men of the independent critic type for a corrective against a growing evil—the distaste for general notions and facts of which that “personal trend” is only another aspect. Our ancestors, methinks, would be somewhat surprised by the taint of mystic yearning which infects our outlook towards life. Is it because, having never passed through an acute attack of romanticism, we have at last caught the distemper in its worst form, the “suppressed” stage? I think not. I think the older generation was avid of facts because it could assimilate them. To begin with, facts and ideas were fewer; furthermore, no grave man could then wander hand-in-hand with his thoughts without encountering, sooner or later, that grand old portal, Genesis yclept; there, he quietly parted with such of his company as refused to enter. That simplified matters.

This class of man ought to be dead. But he is still alive, and unduly bewildered. He fails to realise that with the torrential inrush of new notions a contrary tendency has asserted itself—a tendency towards unity and simplification. His training has been too mediæval to compass the elementary state of enlightenment which would enable him to perceive that an ichthyosaurus, and Socialism, and an *étude* by Chopin—incongruous entities, once upon a time—are now seen to be emanations of a common principle, reducible to quite familiar and cognate laws of growth. Therefore he hates facts and allusions to them; they give him sensations of dyspepsia, because they refuse to fit into his distorted and incomplete little universe. The ordered world

looks like chaos to his eyes, and chaos means friction, and friction is irksome. So it comes about that the lower type of reader takes refuge in personalities—in the palpitating self-revelations of Baroness Désirée van Thompson *née* Grisetti-Cokotski; while the more serious ones throw themselves into the arms of Sir Oliver Lodge, Bergson, Schiller, and other apostles of comfortable, crooked thinking.

Such people are not in touch with actualities. A psychologist would say that their neural currents are not duly co-ordinated. Which reminds me that a professor of that science has lately been struck by this very trait, and is inclined to regard it as a symptom of degeneracy, of "national neurasthenia." That sounds rather dreadful, and perhaps it would be just as true to call it antiquated education.

Yes; intrepid reasoning is still at a discount. But we have had some notable descriptive romances this year—successes by Messrs. Compton Mackenzie, Beresford. Maxwell; experiments in worthy causes, rather than achievements, such as *The Way of an Eagle*, *The Story of a Ploughboy*, and *Following Darkness*. There are indications to show that we are entering upon a revised stage of mellow, Dickensian interpretation; meanwhile, writers of books like these are less realistic than spectacular; they are intelligent and veracious onlookers, intent upon giving us not a grip of things, but an artistic representation of them. And so far good. These have been "popular" novels, and deservedly so; and if these are they which lately incurred the anathema of the Archbishop of York, it would show that his Grace has been practising upon literature the frame of mind which he applies to questions of divorce.

And, thank God! the problem-novel has suffered an eclipse. Thinking always hurts; but there is surely no more fruitlessly fatiguing exercise than the crazy pursuit of foregone conclusions involved in this monstrosity of literature.

Requiescat!

As for the vast herd of the lending libraries—what has been their fare? I have the menu at hand, but nothing would induce me to set it down here; suffice to say—and it is significant—that out of some twelve favourite authors

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three belong to the aristocracy, while four are women. Not very high-class matter, but quite creditable to their taste when one remembers that the whole of this herd adapts its pace to that of the weakest lamb.

And after that, the deluge; the undergrowth of those who wallow in futile emotionalism and sex-complications—a reaction from Victorian respectability. One can hardly call these outpourings morbid. They are crude, like the bodily nourishment of their admirers; crude, and stupid, and also of considerable interest, reflecting, as they do with painful accuracy, the turbid ideals of feminine suburbia, with its inconsequential loves and hatreds, its legions of designing lady-clerks and clean-minded heroes. Plainly, the clean-minded man—there's the asset, the trump-card. Heaven shield me from the "clean-minded" man, in fiction or real life! I have met him once or twice.

Considering the life-circumstances of this enormous section of the public, it is hardly reasonable to expect them to listen to the *vox clamantis* of Mr. Doughty, to utterances of refined writers like Mr. W. H. Hudson or Walter de la Mare. Men of this calibre will not descend: their readers must rise. By all means, therefore, let us elevate the general standard of taste, a duty which concerns, to an altogether unsuspected extent, those educationists who have come in for some hard words lately; and let us raise it less in the interests of a few respectable authors, than with a view to obtaining the largest possible brood of sensible citizens.

And that is all we can do.

For however much we raise it, the truly cultured are always at a higher level, and always few, and always unappreciated of the mob. Sporadic creatures of genius are starving in garrets at this moment. There is not a shadow of doubt about it. Very sad, God wot.

I read a paragraph the other day contrasting unfavourably the mental acquirements of our lowest classes with those of the corresponding Periclean Greek; it was implied that a poor genius then stood a better chance of being helped by his social equals. Nonsense! There never breathed a more illiterate, unsympathetic and altogether despicable ruffian than the low-class Athenian. The eternal minority

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of the civilised is part of what we call our providential world-scheme; and whoever feels inclined to weep over it should endeavour to readjust his mind to its environment. Certain intellectuals always have been hunger-stricken, and always will be. They must wrap themselves in their virtue, or be consoled with the reflection that they are looking picturesque. To lament their case strikes me as an unprofitable pastime, for it is no use deploring a cosmic state of affairs.

We might as well shed tears over the lost Pleiad.

Freer Trade in the United States

By Robert M. Berry

No matter which party—Republican, Progressive, or Democratic—is successful at the Presidential election in November, the “protective” tariff of the United States will be revised downward, and a step thus taken in the direction of freer trade.

The question of a reduction of the “protective” duties will be that uppermost in the minds of most of the American electors when they cast their votes in November. The consumer, owing to the constantly increasing prices of articles of everyday use, has abandoned his long-suffering, quiescent attitude, and is trying through his representatives in Congress to secure tariff legislation which shall show at least some consideration for the welfare of the ordinary citizen. He now insists upon knowing how candidates stand towards the all-absorbing question of duties. The common people, having risen to a sense of their power, intend to look into the justification of the heavy toll they have been paying simply for the benefit of a few manufacturers and trust magnates.

The farmers, too, will have a word to say on the subject, for they also have suffered from the tariff. The farmers are slow to move, but when they do get into motion there is no withstanding them. They are now determined to obtain reductions of the tariff, and have already made this clear to Congress.

The farmers complain that they have to buy their implements at high prices from the tariff-protected Trusts, and have to pay their labourers high wages owing to the increased price in the cost of living brought about by the application of the “protective” principle, while at the same time they have to raise and sell their products in competition with poorly-paid labour abroad. They now want to know the reason why. These farmers are undergoing a course of education at the hands of the Reform Club, which

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hopes to complete their conversion to the principle of freer trade before the final ballot takes place. The Tariff Reform Committee, which is working towards this end, is to take "test ballots" in the various constituencies so as to ascertain the extent of the increasing sentiment in favour of tariff reduction.

The Trusts, with their immense money power, are using all their strength to oppose the reduction of duties. Meanwhile they continue to take advantage of the high tariff by raising prices, despite the fact that many of their goods can be and are produced at a cheaper rate in the United States than abroad, and consequently have no need of "protection." Indeed, they are frequently sold abroad at a much cheaper rate than here. They endeavour to convince the working man that his wages have been kept up by "protection," but in most instances he is able to show that wages were always on a higher scale in the United States than in Europe, even before the "protective" tariffs were imposed. The Government statistics showing that wages are high, which are used as an argument, deal only with the wages of highly organised skilled workmen, and do not include the much larger body of unskilled and unorganised labourers.

The "protection" that exists in the United States not only makes the consumer pay more for his commodities, but handicaps the natural industries of the country, while at the same time giving a false position to other industries which could without a tariff support themselves very well. It is also the cause of much of the corruption prevalent in American politics, and creates difficulties with foreign countries concerning questions of the duties and their application.

For years past the "protected" interests in the United States have in a great measure controlled all the legislation of the country, utilising their influence to their own advantage and to the disadvantage of the consumer. Everything points to a change in this respect, including the position now taken by the leading politicians of the country. The Democrats, who constitute the majority of the House of Representatives, are to a man pledged to a reduction of the tariff, while the Republicans have recognised on several occasions that the tariff is the dominant issue before the country.

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Governor Woodrow Wilson, the chosen chief of the Democrats, speaking at the Economic Club of New York, dwelt upon the evils of the tariff. He said:—"The ideal of the tariff was the very pretty one of fostering industry of every kind in the interest of everybody by protecting the American producer against foreign competition and enabling him to develop the virgin resources of the United States and all her unorganised energies upon a free domestic field. The practice, however, had been very different from the ideal. The scramble for favours was scandalous. The emancipation of the rank and file of business men in this country will begin when the tariff is impartially revised, when the foundations of monopoly are cut away, when the law speaks out its meaning in unmistakable terms and is unhesitatingly enforced against every effort to throttle free enterprise and break down the initiative of the average man."

Champ Clark, the Speaker of the House of Representatives and a prominent figure in the Democratic campaign, says plainly that the American tariff is very hard on the working classes. He points out that a man in the United States pays £6 for a suit of clothes which he can obtain in England for £3; and further recognises that wages in Great Britain are the second highest of all the countries in the world. He argues that it is the capitalist, and not the workers, in America who obtains the benefits of the tariff. He advocates its abolition, which would automatically break up the great Trusts with their monopolies that have had such a terrible effect on the cost of living and have developed purely as a result of the tariff.

Oscar W. Underwood, the leader of the Democratic party at Washington, is the author of most of the Bills for reducing or abolishing tariffs.

Governor Simeon Baldwin, of Connecticut, a leading Democrat, is against "protective" duties, and would abolish all except for revenue.

Governor Judson Harmon, of Ohio, another Democrat, opposes protection.

Senator Robert La Follette, a progressive Republican, is strongly in favour of tariff reductions, and his word carries great weight in the Senate.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, on the other hand, is a "pro-

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tectionist" of the most rabid kind. The chance this apostle of protection has in the coming election is rather slender unless he succeeds in realising a part of Lincoln's saying that "You can fool the whole of the people some of the time; you can fool some of the people the whole of the time; but you cannot fool all the people all the time." The progress of his campaign shows that he has succeeded in the first clause, and he may possibly do the same with the second, but it is hardly likely that even the great Theodore Roosevelt will disprove the accuracy of Lincoln's third clause.

The Reform Club, in one of their circulars, advised the electors to vote against Mr. Roosevelt in consequence of his high protectionist attitude, and called attention to the fact that: "Tariff taxes cost the average family in the United States £24 a year, or 10 per cent. of its total income. Of this £24 only about £3 4s., or one-eighth, goes to the Government, and £20 16s. to the Trusts and other protected interests."

President Taft, although professing a desire to abolish high duties, has vetoed many Bills having this end in view on the ground that it is necessary to await the decision of the Tariff Board.

All the parties in the Senate, although not all the Senators, are agreed that reductions of tariff are called for on wool and cotton, but they cannot agree how far to go in this direction, and their discussions of the subject have had as their main object the provision of material for the Presidential campaign.

The regular Republicans, in their programme drawn up at Chicago, in speaking of the tariff question, affirm their belief in a "protective" tariff, but at the same time insert a significant clause. This says: "Some of the existing import duties are too high, and should be reduced. Re-adjustment should be made from time to time to conform to changing conditions and to reduce excessive rates, but without injury to any American industry. To accomplish this, correct information is indispensable, and this can best be obtained by an expert Commission."

This, of course, is a reference to the Tariff Board in Washington, constituted by President Taft in the hope that he would be able to prove the necessity of "protective"

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tariffs by the result of its inquiries. The Board, however, with the evidence before it, could not fail to report that the present tariffs were unnecessary for the protection of many industries, for the cost of production of many articles now subjected to prohibitive import tariffs is quite as low, if not lower, than in foreign countries, and the existence of the tariff simply puts more money into the pockets of the Trusts without benefiting the working men, while burdening the consumer generally.

The Tariff Board's investigations and findings have done much in forming public opinion in favour of tariff reductions. It has, however, for the moment little encouragement, no provision for its continuance this year having been made in the Sundry Civil Bill, under which the appropriation for its support had hitherto been made. The action of the majority of the House Committee in ignoring the Tariff Board is regretted by most of the people of the United States, who have learned from its reports that the industries protected by the highest duties do not require protection at all; while those reports have also clearly proved that the working men of the United States obtain no benefit whatever from "protection."

The Democrats who declined to support its continuance did so under the mistaken impression that its conclusions had helped the President to his decision to veto the tariff reduction Bills, although they might have been certain that he, under the influence of the great Trusts, would have found some means, whatever the Board decided, to veto the measures. They have thus discouraged a body which was helping them to promote their policy of freer trade, and, unless they find out their mistake before it is too late, will have done incalculable harm to their cause.

The measures recently framed in the Democratic House of Representatives, if passed into law, are regarded by the Tariff Reform Committee (that is to say, the Committee for promoting tariff reductions) as likely to afford a much-needed relief to the overburdened consumer of the United States, and it will endeavour to secure the election of a President who will not veto such legislation as Mr. Taft has done.

The majority reports of the House of Representatives on the different Bills for reducing the tariffs are interesting

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reading. On the Bill to Reduce Duties on Metals and Manufactures of Metals, sent to the Committee on January 25th, 1912, the majority report said, among other things:—

“A survey of the iron and steel industry shows convincingly that it has reached a position of such strength and independence that the industry does not need the helping hand of the Government in order to stand in competition with foreign countries. This desirable state of affairs has been reached as a result of progressive improvements in industrial methods, coincident with steady reductions of the tariff, which have impressed upon steel producers the necessity of shaping their methods in accordance with the recent inventions and processes and with the principles of effective business organisation. Under these conditions the Committee feels warranted in recommending that the duties on metals and manufactures thereof be placed upon a distinctly revenue basis, while definitely adhering to the object of securing for the Treasury as large an income as can be obtained from this schedule consistent with conserving the general interests of the consumer.”

It continues:—“It is sometimes contended that American industries are handicapped by the necessity of paying abnormally high wages. The recent investigations, previously referred to, show that neither of these conditions hold good at the present time. Not only do the steel plants of the country work their employees excessively long hours, but the general rates of wages paid are extremely low.”

In speaking of these conditions in its report on the steel industry, the Bureau of Labour says:—

“The investigation developed that the seven-day working week was not confined to the blast-furnace department, where there is a metallurgical necessity for continuous operation, and in which department nine-tenths of the employees worked seven days a week, but it was also found that to a considerable extent in other departments, where no such metallurgical necessity can be claimed, productive work was carried on on Sundays just as on other days of the week. For example, in some establishments the Bessemer converters, the open-hearth furnaces, and blooming, rail, and structural mills were found operating seven days a week for commercial reasons only.”

“The hardships of a twelve-hour day and a seven-

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day week are still further accentuated by the fact that every week or two weeks, as the case may be, when the employees on the day shift are transferred to the night shift, and *vice versa*, employees remain on duty without relief either 18 or 24 consecutive hours, according to the practice adopted for the change of shift. The most common plan to effect this change of shift is to work one shift of employees on the day of change through the entire 24 hours, the succeeding shift working the regular 12 hours when it comes on duty. In some instances the change is effected by having one shift remain on duty 18 hours and the succeeding shift work 18 hours."

In this connection the following tables of wages paid in the metal industries are interesting:—

Number and per cent. of employees of the Bethlehem Steel Works earning classified amounts per hour and per cent. earning each classified amount or less.

[Bureau of Corporations.]

Classified earnings per hour.	Employees in each group.	Per cent. of total employees in each group.	Per cent. of employees earning specified amount per hour or less.
4 and under 6 cents (2d. to 3d.)	*97	*1·1	*1·1
6 and under 8 cents (3d. to 4d.)	*38	*4	*1·5
8 and under 10 cents (4d. to 5d.)	*100	*1·1	*2·6
10 and under 12 cents (5d. to 6d.)	53	·6	3·1
12 and under 14 cents (6d. to 7d.)	2,640	28·7	31·9
14 and under 16 cents (7d. to 8d.)	1,528	16·6	48·5
16 and under 18 cents (8d. to 9d.)	1,162	12·7	61·2
18 and under 20 cents (9d. to 10d.)	551	6·0	67·2
20 and under 22 cents (10d. to 11d.)	677	7·4	74·5
22 and under 24 cents (11d. to 1s.)	480	5·2	79·8
24 and under 26 cents (1s. to 1s. 1d.)	581	6·3	86·1
26 and under 28 cents (1s. 1d. to 1s. 2d.)	432	4·7	90·8
28 and under 30 cents (1s. 2d. to 1s. 3d.)	93	1·0	91·8
30 and under 32 cents (1s. 3d. to 1s. 4d.)	256	2·8	94·6
32 and under 34 cents (1s. 4d. to 1s. 5d.)	146	1·6	96·2
34 and under 36 cents (1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.)	121	1·3	97·5
36 and under 38 cents (1s. 6d. to 1s. 7d.)	52	·6	98·1
38 and under 42 cents (1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d.)	55	·6	98·7
42 and under 46 cents (1s. 9d. to 1s. 11d.)	36	·4	99·1
46 and under 60 cents (1s. 11d. to 2s. 6d.)	65	·7	99·8
60 cents and over (2s. 6d. and over)	21	·2	100·0
Total	9,184	100·0	

* Apprentices.

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Per cent. of employees earning less than specified amount per hour by branch of Industry.

Bureau of Labour.]

Branch of Industry.	Number of employees.	Per cent. of employees earning per hour—			
		Under 14 cents.	Under 18 cents. 2 cents = 1d.	Under 25 cents.	Under 50 cents.
Blast furnaces	31,354	16'29	65'96	92'30	99'94
Steel works and rolling mills					
Bessemer converters	5,618	1'21	47'03	73'64	95'64
Open-hearth furnaces	14,618	9'37	48'80	76'25	98'54
Puddling mills and crucible furnaces	7,489	5'35	27'89	48'54	94'26
Rolling mills	43,631	5'74	40'25	67'55	93'03
Tube mills	4,252	3'01	47'81	88'29	97'77
Total, steel works and rolling mills	75,608	5'91	41'61	68'97	94'68
Power, mechanical, and yard force	65,744	6'52	51'22	77'36	99'46
Grand total	172,706	8'03	49'69	76'40	97'45

On the Bill for the Reduction of the Duty on Chemicals, passed by the House, the Committee reported:—

“The question of protection for domestic industries is always raised whenever it is proposed to reduce tariff duties; and it has lately become the practice of some to recommend the adjustment of rates of duty with a view to affording protection equivalent to the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad. This proposition is theoretically erroneous and practically inapplicable.”

“A general survey of the condition of the chemical industry shows that there is no reason to doubt the capacity of American manufacturers to compete with those in other countries.”

“A special reason for reducing rates of duty on many of the crude chemical products is found in the fact that their bulk and low unit of cost will not permit of their being moved except under very favourable conditions. The United States imports some of the products because while we have abundant supplies it is less expensive to

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import them from other countries than to instal plants or resort to the processes of saving the by-products necessary to introduce the industry here. For these reasons the Committee has in many cases transferred such products to the free list, it being obvious that whenever American manufacturers desire to produce them they will be able to do so in competition with foreign countries and at costs fully as low as prevail in the countries which furnish our present supplies."

The extent of this industry, in which there is such a widespread demand for the reduction of duties, may be gathered from the fact that there are 6,194 establishments engaged in the trade in the United States.

It is often stated that everybody who wishes to do so can obtain work in the United States, but the report of the Labour Department for the State of New York shows that during 1911 unemployment there was more prevalent than in the preceding year except in the month of October, and was also in a greater percentage than in any of the years since 1904 except during September and October. The report is based on the returns of 188 representative labour unions with upwards of 115,000 members, one-fourth of the organised workers of the State.

The incontrovertible facts of the high cost of living, combined with low wages and frequent lack of work, have been brought home to such large sections of the people of the United States that the sentiment in favour of tariff reduction is spreading rapidly. This has led some of the representatives in Congress to take measures to obtain a definite expression of opinion from their constituents. For instance, Representative Steven B. Ayres, who is the member for the very cosmopolitan Eighteenth Congressional District of New York, recently took a ballot of the voters there on the tariff question. Of the total votes cast there were 1,504 for lower duties and only 176 for their maintenance as at present. Even among his Republican constituents 533 out of 636 voted for a reduction.

The Reform Club has recently become very active in the campaign for the election of a President pledged to a reduction of the tariff duties. In a circular just issued it says an attempt will be made to put on record the views of all candidates for Congress, and to take test votes in

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certain districts to ascertain the extent of the sentiment for tariff reform. After praising the present Democratic House of Representatives, which, under wise and honourable leadership, has framed measures which, if enacted, would in no slight degree afford the relief demanded, it declares its intention to do everything in its power to elect a President and Congress which will enact such legislation.

All these efforts and arguments in favour of tariff reduction are not the outcome of any small movement led by Free Traders, but of a spontaneous desire on the part of the people of the United States themselves to throw off at least some of the burdens of a fiscal system which has for years adversely affected consumers, most of whom naturally belong to the working classes. The workers have now seen through the fallacies of a tariff which benefits only the great Trust magnates and monopolists, and they are determined to cast off part of the load and distribute the rest more equitably.

New York, U.S.A., October, 1912.

A Christian Europe and Afterwards

AT an epoch when the dogmas and the very spiritualism of the Christianities are passing through the gravest crisis in their history, geographical Europe has become for the first time a Christian civilisation, shriven at last by the un-Christian materialism of Bismarckian blood and iron. The end justifies the means, we know, and there are other proverbs by the dozen. None the less, such is the result of the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and it is a great ethical and historical fact: also it is the most sudden, complete, and convincing victory since the defeat of the Corsican at Waterloo, which as inevitably will change the forces and the equilibrium of Europe.

It has happened so suddenly that, were it not for the cynicism of the everyday man, the Churches might well consider the expediency of extolling the event as another miracle which, indeed, in this sense it is, in that it has taken place against the authoritative opinion, diplomatic, military and journalistic, of the little-big men who sway the destinies of the taxpayers of Europe. In reality, of course, the triumph of the Allied Forces is neither miraculous nor astonishing. They have whipped the Turks out of Europe, because for a decade they have systematically prepared themselves for the trial, whereas Islam, whose gospel is Providence which spells improvidence, has trusted to the grace of Allah, like a small boy playing for his luck at marbles. Instead of a miracle, the Servians and the Bulgars, the Montenegrins and the Greeks, have given the world a lesson in military and national efficiency; have again vindicated Bismarck and the eight fat volumes of Treitschke's History, with all the other politico-economic German professors who have always insisted that "if you

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want to fight, you must be ready, and if you want to do a thing you must do it."*

These are the two moral conclusions which the war has given us: first, that Europe is now for the first time Christian; and, secondly, that a new Federation of Powers has arisen, knocking over half the pet doctrines, theories and machinations of diplomacy, who have come, as they say, to stay: who have once more redressed the whole balance of power and the international comity of the nations. What will the now Christian Europe make of it? Alas! One is almost inclined to cry out "Poor Christianity!" Welded together, like the German Empire, by the sword, instead of peace and good-will, the new formation teaches only one morality, which not even by paradox can be called Christian—the morality of force, full and effective militarism, as the supreme virtue of national security, as the want of it in a Europe, which is now an armed camp of conflicting economic, political and racial conditions and ambitions, must henceforth be the logical determinant of insecurity, and so of all the parts which compose the structure divided, as it is, into two antagonistic organisations.

The Turks are gone, as the Moors went before them. *Absit omen!* With the departure of the Moors and the rise of Inquisitorial Catholicism, which in all essentials, temporal and spiritual, was non-constructive and uneconomic, the heart of Spain was lacerated, and it has gone on bleeding ever since: in the ignorance which has blighted the Spanish endeavour, redeemed only by the beauty that the Moors left behind them in stone and mosque and tower, sterilised as a very Nemesis in the blood-lust of the Moorish bull-ring. For the Turks defeat should prove a blessing and a beginning. What will be the effect upon Europe? That is the problem for Christianity, and viewed from whatever aspect one pleases, it is the problem of man from the very beginnings of competition, as we know it from Romulus and Remus.

* Readers of "For Cross or Crescent" (ENGLISH REVIEW, November) will remember that alone at the time we anticipated the absolute expulsion of the Turks from Europe, who, we said, were neither "ready nor able" to cope with the military efficiency of the Bulgarians.

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The Christian side of the question need not be laboured, since it is through science, which is the motive force of the modern world, that the Bulgars defeated Turkey, and that an All-Christian Europe has gone back to the primitive worship of force as the sole condition of peace. It is no good complaining. Individual protest evaporates in the immensity of the whole. All that sensible nations can do is to put their Christianity in their pockets, to recognise that ethics have now no longer the smallest causal inter-relationship with politics, and thus shoulder arms as joyously as the curd-bred peasants of the Balkans : who have shown the French the value of their guns, and Europe what a vain thing most reputations are, as most traditions and policies. Of course, it is a fearful and a terrible conviction, this new ethic of scientific force and materialism, this revelation that modern Europe is now infinitely more warlike, war-prepared and war-dependent than in the days of Cæsar; but then most revelations are unpleasant, though we may admit that it is a curious phenomenon at a time when peoples are more cosmopolitan, democratic and cynical than at any period in history, and more apathetic in all that concerns recognised authority of dogma, tradition, privilege, or position.

Europe, then, is now Christian, yet never—philosophically, ethically and effectively—so utterly un-Christian. in that she has never previously been so war-clad and so governed by the rule of force. The maps we had put aside we must now take out again, and schoolmasters should take note that on the top there should be now written :—

EUROPE : ALL CHRISTIAN

PRINCIPLE, POLICY AND MOTTO

VAE VICTIS.

Having read that, we can proceed to our study of the map with some degree of understanding, and the first thing we realise is the new Power of the Balkan Federation, where before we only saw chocolate soldiers and regicides. We have heard of the Triple Alliance; we also know pretty well what is understood by the Triple Entente composed

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of the three military and naval forces of England, France and Russia, which three Powers are agreed to defend their joint and several rights against the expansive dum-dum tendency of the centre of Europe—Germany and Austria—to which centre, more or less against her will, Italy, with her useful sea-border and ships, is allied, and must be accounted a fighting member. Thus, as it were, the apple is united against the core, and to be noted of course, is the fixed strategic advantage of position and concentration possessed by the centre, and the great length and division of the extremities.

Now, the political effect of the war is the collapse of the whole Pan-German policy, which was to fight the German way through Southern Europe to the sea, and so through Turkey and the Baghdad Railway to its terminal at Koeit. And though official Germany always denied the inspiration, that was the meaning of the Emperor's visit to Jerusalem, and the Imperial patronage of fanatical Islam. The victory of Bulgaria has clubbed the Pan-German vista of Berlin as effectively as the victory of Servia has frustrated that of Vienna, which has always been the "ethnic landslide" down to Salonica and the Adriatic. Hence the German friendship for the Turk, the diplomacy of the late Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the provision of the Turkish Army with Krupp guns; in short, the whole philo-political attitude of Germany towards Turkey, kept up by the very religious Protestant Emperor, William, as the means to keep the little States from freeing themselves, and so securing the German ambition.

Aerenthal's Bosnian *coup*, which was supported by Germany in "shining armour," succeeded, up to a point, because, though a flagrant breach of the Treaty of Berlin, it was so sudden and honestly piratical that it was all over before Russia could quite meet the situation, still less oppose it—which she was entirely unprepared to do; and probably had Austria then gone on and, backed up by Germany, boldly marched down and claimed Salonica, the full policy might have been brought off and the Pan-German aim realised. Austria, however, stopped or repented—both dangerous things in love and war—with the result that the

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Balkan States realised they would have to fight for it or go under, in which decision Russia naturally supported them, besides from that moment being kept thoroughly on the look-out for any fresh move southwards on the part of Austria. The collapse of the Pan-German policy is a matter of very real importance; and it is one which may yet lead to a better spirit in the relations between England and Germany, who, as the two great rivals in Europe, are, rightly or wrongly, billed by European consent as the two opponents in the next war.

For one thing, the fall of European Turkey will remove what may be called the Hamidian policy of intrigue which has for the last century made the ambassadorial post at Constantinople so interesting, and has in very fact poisoned the dignity and heart of European diplomacy. All that Asiatic *backsisch* diplomacy of Abdul Hamid will vanish out of Europe, because it will no longer have a reason, the Turks being now rolled back to their natural place in Asia, deprived of all further right of say in the affairs of Europe. Except in Asiatic matters, the Constantinople country house on the Bosphorus will cease to be the clearing-house of European intrigue, and there can be little doubt that the purging of the system will tend not a little to a more open and honest spirit between the nations generally.

It will clear the German point of view, for the whole basis of German European diplomacy has been founded on the idea of Turkey in Europe as an institution, an essential, and a permanency, which, now that it is exploded, must necessarily clarify—modify or intensify—the German attitude. The creation of a powerful military Balkan Federation is, indeed, to Germans of deep significance. The Turkish buffer has gone with the whole system of Turkish bluff, and with it the reason of Turko-German friendship. In the place of the great unknown quantity of Turkish Europe, a strong, young, vigorous State has arisen, running right down between the Adriatic and the Black Sea to Constantinople, thus standardising and even nationalising, so far as Germany is concerned, the whole peninsula from Belgrade to Constanza. A Slav Federation, it will inevitably be a Russian interest, an ancillary tongue of

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Russia in Europe, who has now taken the place of diplomatic Turkey.

To Germany the new Power is of the utmost importance; of the deepest importance strategically, so far as Russia is concerned; of great importance diplomatically, owing to the collapse of Turkish authority and methods in Europe; of immediate importance so far as her whole foreign policy is concerned, both in Europe and Asia; of the utmost importance to her relations with England, and her whole attitude towards the Triple Entente. That the shipbuilding rivalry—for that is what we have allowed it to come to—between England and Germany is the key of the European situation is a truism all sane people must admit, as also that in the existing arrangement of Alliances, hostilities between England and Germany would inevitably plunge Europe into war which could only be mutually destructive. The one nation, in fact, which stands to gain any material advantage out of a European Armageddon is England, who, incidentally, might be able to destroy the German and Austrian Fleets, and thus deprive Germany of her great hope of maritime ascendancy for at least a century to come. Now, strange to say, it is precisely there that a ray of hope seems to have fallen through the war upon Europe

With a powerful Slavonic State, in sympathy allied to Russia, stretching from sea to sea at her south, and with the Italian foot thus, strategically, very sensibly weakened as an ally, Germany will certainly have to make up her mind, as the direct result of the war, upon the direction of her whole future policy towards this country. So long as her feverish shipbuilding policy continues, so long must we look upon her as a rival; nor, in such conditions, is any amelioration in the relations between the two peoples practical or conceivable. To-day, the case is different. The Slav has again risen at her foot, a Power certain to grow, to thrive, and always to lean upon Russia, who has thus obtained a foothold on the confines of Hungary that otherwise she would never have attained to by either war or policy.

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The Slav interest is not the Teuton interest, and probably never will be. Whereas up to the present a war with English naval force might be deemed adventurous, heroic, henceforth, with the Slav forces at her feet as well as on her flank, it would be little short of disastrous. Against the naval forces of France and England, and the land forces of France and the Slav Powers from East and West and the South, Germany would have no chance of victory, even if she were able to hold her own, which is the utmost she could hope to do; moreover, that the greater part of her Fleet would be destroyed is almost a certainty. The alternative is obvious and simple. It is that Germany should now come to see that all attempts to build up to our naval force will be opposed resolutely by the whole force of England; that, consequently, as the end is unpractical, the natural course is the policy laid down by Bismarck, which was a land policy and not a naval one.

The German opportunity has come, though not by any will of hers: it is a great opportunity, none the less, one which, if taken, she is never likely to regret. All that is necessary is a modification in her ship-building programme, which, automatically, would modify ours. No word need be spoken. There is no use in any diplomatic action or contrivance. All that we require to accept her as a friend is the cessation of a stupid and wilfully uneconomic race in ship-building—a policy which is the direct cause of the present grouping of European power and the reason of so much unwarranted and inhuman antagonism. A policy of honest friendship with England would at once ease the whole European tension. It is a policy which German politicians in their own despite will immediately have to consider. It is a policy which, if they do not in the near future adopt, will prove to humanity that Germany is indeed the spirit of unrest in the centre of Europe, against which Europe will be forced to provide. In a word, instead of peace, the Balkan war will be the forerunner of yet another.

In the meanwhile, the word is "arms." By force of arms, the great bugbear and shame of Europe has been removed, and Europe is a Christian continent. The question for the so-called civilised peoples is now, What will

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they do with it? Will they continue crowing at each other like tethered fighting cocks until the next war comes to liberate them, or will they attempt something useful and practical in the cause of humanity? It is a question that will be a test of our vaunted Christianity. Unquestionably, Germany holds the key to the situation, and on her decision will rest the attitude of Europe. We cannot pretend to the least optimism. Only a great statesman perhaps could take the initiative at this juncture, and such a man is conspicuously lacking. Failing him, in the absence of any rational initiative in the interests of peace, it is difficult to see what other policy now remains to the great nations of Europe than that of full and conscious militarism; to England, perhaps, as much as to any country.

For five hundred years the Turks have held their place in Europe by right of force, by force they have been driven out. Thus the history of all Empires repeats itself. The Turkish power was atrophied. It has gone the way of Persia, Rome, the Moors, Spain, Portugal, stricken down by might, which is the sole justification of all power. It is not the moral of peace, to be sure. It is not a hopeful reflection. But at any rate it is a salutary one, presented to us with all the picturesqueness of historical reminiscence. It is a signal that England should nail to the mast. We, of all the peoples, have the most to lose and the least to gain by war. If the basis of European Christianity is to be force, and war its supreme arbiter, we, too, must have the strength which will be the grand test of our justification. We, too, must prepare ourselves, like the Serbs and the Bulgars, if not to be the soldiers of Christ, then, at any rate, like the rest of Europe, to be a nation in arms—scientific, bloody Christians.

Play of the Month

"Twelfth Night" and one at the Gaiety

"If music be the food of love, play on :
Give me excess of it," &c.

It must have been the success of the clownery in Mr. Granville Barker's admirable presentation of *Twelfth Night*, and, notably, the unexpected delight of Mr. Hayden Coffin's personation of Feste, the Fool, which induced me to follow it up with a night at the Gaiety; and it is an experiment quite worth the money.

You understand a lot of things about the drama and all that, at once, about the Elizabethan point of view, and our modern stock exchange theatre, because at *Twelfth Night*, which is one of Shakespeare's most quotable plays, a man has to think and to use his intelligence even to enjoy Sir Toby, Malvolio and Sir Andrew, whereas at *The Sunshine Girl* nobody thinks at all on or off the stage, unless he is a critical fellow, when he may become neurasthenic, wondering whether any wit or intelligence ever will be displayed; or unless he is a very young man with a rich father behind him, when he may grow uncomfortably perplexed upon which of the many pretty faces who "mannequin" about the stage his choice is to fall with a polite invitation to supper.

At once we grasp the reason of our "insolvent" stage, and we realise how greatly Shakespeare is handicapped. *Twelfth Night* and *The Winter's Tale* are things primarily of words. At the Gaiety, the essential is girls—a medium that was denied to Shakespeare, who had to twinkle, amuse and attract with the mind, as distinct from the mind's eye. It is true, Mr. Payne is funny and makes one laugh, as does Mr. Barrett, but their antics are not of the stuff of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew Aguecheek; for the humour of Mr. Payne depends entirely on the "business" of Mr. Payne himself, nobody caring what he says, but *how* he says it, whereas

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the character of Malvolio, for instance, is so subtle and literary that few actors ever manage to give satisfaction, even in so simple a sartorial matter as the cross-gartering.

At the Gaiety, again, the hero is inarticulate, save for the glossiness of his hair, and is not expected to do anything beyond looking clean and well-grown, his stage purpose being solely that of a decorative foil to the young girl who plays the part of leading lady. Against such a figure Orsino, who is a poet-sensualist, has no chance, any more than Viola has in man's clothes—though in this matter the Gaiety does borrow from Shakespeare—because she is not allowed to caper about and dance like Miss Phyllis Dare—and because, of course, Mr. Barker expressly forbids her to throw up her eyes to the roof whenever she smirks or skedaddles off into the wings.

And here we get the essential difference between Shakespeare and what the public wants, which is the exact difference between the cinematograph and art. The clownery of *Twelfth Night* is delightful; moreover, it is admirably played. In the whole three hours of *The Sunshine Girl* there is not a song so sweet as any one of the Fool's, or any characterisation even remotely as droll as Malvolio's, or any horseplay, ribaldry or charm which, by any standard of criticism whatever, can be compared with the romp and rolic of *Twelfth Night*. That, however, is it. There is no wit at the Gaiety. There is nothing fundamental or real or æsthetic: there is no mind. Frocks, faces, scenes, actors, situation, dances, songs, &c.—the thing is not the play, but the audience; and it is a condition that Mr. Granville Barker, who is an innovator and a bold man, might well consider.

Strip *The Sunshine Girl* of the ladies, and not even the turns of the Payne-Grossmith-Barrett trio could hold it together, while, on the other hand, to knock out the poetry of *Twelfth Night* would reduce it perilously near to the scenario of the next Gaiety production. Now without a doubt, were Shakespeare alive he would not neglect the grace of woman, he, the most modern of men, who wrote his pantaloony for the "bucks" of Elizabeth. As it is, the audiences at the Savoy are stern and critical, though the play is fun and wit itself; but at the Gaiety the chorus girls all look so bored and supercilious that one might think

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they were all of them what Viola averred no woman ever was—beings of “one heart, one bosom, and one truth”—and yet the audiences rock and giggle in their seats, so that all Mr. Grossmith has to do is to appear now and then in fashionable suitings, just to see, as it were, how things are going.

Why not then try Shakespearean comedy with Gaiety accessories, with a chorus designed, posed and dressed by one of Mr. Barker's young men, say some thirty raven-black Mary Fittons, who would take the place of the young bloods that used to sit on and round the stage in the days of Will himself? They need not interfere with the text, any more than they do at the Gaiety. Their office would be merely what a frame is to the picture, which of course some people consider the chief feature: but they would pander to the adult sense of London audiences; they would attract the young and the old; they would create an atmosphere and a condition of intimacy which is precisely the note lacking between the Shakespearean play and the general public.

Passing from *Twelfth Night* to *The Sunshine Girl*, we obtain at least a conviction, and it is that either we must have a National People's Theatre for the production and preservation of Shakespearean drama, or that somebody must be modern enough to give him the framework he would most certainly himself have used, had the times permitted it, which is the medium of sex to captivate the sexes. For it is sex that makes the Gaiety so popular an institution, vital because it is what Mr. Hamilton Fyfe honestly calls a “fleshly spectacle.” In his day, Shakespeare was not allowed to put women on the stage. We know better to-day. In this, our modern civilisation has advanced. It has advanced so much that it really needs very little else on the stage, which is, of course, the reason why our Censorship is able to hamstring the things that are serious in art. I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare's comedies with a chorus have a future, especially when one finds that the chief exponent of musical comedy heroics gave a performance that was almost a creation of the difficult rôle of Feste, and that, too, in pathos and Shakespearean portraiture.

S. O.

Books of the Month

BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LIFE OF GEORGE TYRRELL. By M. D. PETRE. Arnold, London.

Among the international group of thinkers and students whose endeavours to "open the doors and windows of the great mediæval cathedral" of Catholicism to "the light of a new day" was condemned by the Holy See under the title of "Modernism," the late Father Tyrrell occupied a peculiar position. As a scholar he had not the profound learning of M. Loisy. His philosophy failed of the detachment and consistency which distinguish M. Laberthonnière. His individual contribution to religious thought lay less in original research than in some striking suggestions towards a synthesis from the results of contemporary criticism, and in a very helpful distinction between religious experience and theology which is only its formulation. His eagerness to establish its value for the spiritual life as the supreme test of dogma allied him, in some measure, with the Pragmatists; while his strong sense of the continuity and eternity of the higher experiences of the race gave him kinship to Professor Eucken and his school. His system was, in fact, eclectic; and (like many other forms of eclecticism) was the outcome of a very strong humanity and a certain distrust for the conclusions of the abstract intellect.

By the *Autobiography and Life* recently published Miss M. D. Petre has laid all students of modern Catholicism under a heavy obligation. Her first volume consists of a fragment in which Father Tyrrell described his youth, his conversion, and his entry into the Society of Jesus. In the sequel Miss Petre tells, with admirable sympathy and frankness, the story of his gradual disillusion and of the struggle against official Ultramontaniam which ended only with his death. The former of these is a very curious, very fascinating document, austere, yet instinct with the pathos of a man looking back bewildered and disappointed from the threshold of middle age. The latter is a contribution of first-class importance to the history of a movement which, because it is based on ideas, and because to ideas no repression can be really fatal, is the most promising feature of contemporary Catholicism.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AND HER CIRCLE. By DR. E. BARTHEZ. Translated by Bernard Miall. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

Dr. Barthez was physician to the infant Prince Imperial, and wrote a number of letters from the Villa Eugénie at Biarritz to his family, during a space of nine years. There is in them nothing more, nor less, than a pleasant and shrewd picture of the family life of Napoleon and Eugénie, extolling their domestic virtues rather than proving their happiness. The character of Dr. Barthez himself is the most delightful thing in the book, which is well translated and illustrated.

WILLIAM HONE, HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By F. W. HACKWOOD. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

The author of this volume deserves to be congratulated on, having filled a real gap in English political biography, and for having performed his task in a thorough, yet withal entertaining, manner. The wonder is that William Hone, author and publisher of *The Political House that Jack Built*, with its illustrations by George Cruikshank, and many another

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famous squib, such as *The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder*, should have had to wait so long for a biographer. In days when criticism of the Government and Court was fraught with dire danger, Hone wielded a singularly fearless pen, and Mr. Hackwood is guilty of but slight exaggeration in saying that "it was never discovered how offensive satire was till a humble individual like Hone used it with sledge-hammer ferocity." Hone's three trials at the Guildhall, on three successive days, on the charge of printing and publishing parodies on the Catechism, Litany, and Athanasian Creed—trials in which he defended himself before unfriendly judges bent on securing a conviction, and obtained acquittals in every instance—make an exceedingly interesting and important page in the history of the liberty of the Press. The result of these trials was not only to render Hone vastly popular, but to discourage Sidmouth from the further measures of suppression which he was even then contemplating, while Ellenborough, the Lord Chief Justice, resigned the day after he had failed for the second time to browbeat a jury into delivering a verdict of guilty against the audacious satirist. These three trials form the central episode in a life crowded with incident, and we are very glad to have the story of them set forth in full; but, indeed, the whole book makes singularly interesting reading, and must take its place as a contribution of permanent value to the political history of the dark days of the Regency and after. There are numerous portraits and illustrations.

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS GRAY. Edited by DUNCAN C. TOVEY. 3 vols. George Bell and Sons. 3s. 6d. each.

It is rather melancholy to think that Mr. Tovey died just before the publication of the third and last volume of his most learned and laborious edition of Gray's Letters, but still, he had the satisfaction of realising that his had universally been accepted as a definitive edition. His labours on this eighteenth-century classic are worthy to rank beside Birkbeck Hill's labours on Johnson, Courthope's labours on Pope, Toynbee's labours on Horace Walpole, and Aitken's labours on Steele and Addison. It is rather curious that the prim writers of that time should have aroused so much scholarly enthusiasm. Gray himself has had several competent editors. There was, for instance, Mr. Gosse's edition of the complete works in four volumes. But, as regards the Letters, there is, we repeat, only one definitive edition, and that is Mr. Tovey's. He has the tireless gift of the true editor of a classic, the gift of clearing up obscure allusions and of straightening out difficulties. The eighteenth century seems as familiar to him as it seems to Mr. Austin Dobson. Every student of the period will know what high praise that implies.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE INN OF TRANQUILLITY. Heinemann. 6s.

This volume consists of twenty-six essays which Mr. Galsworthy has published in various periodicals during the last few years. They all bear the stamp of his cultivated and rather mournful mind, but they are not really particularly interesting. They seem to lack vitality, and their constant pensiveness has a touch of sentimentalism. But they are, on the whole, decidedly distinguished in tone and in style. The worst of it is that Mr. Galsworthy is too much of a moralist to let us enjoy him as an artist as much as we would like to. Even in his most finished pages one is painfully conscious of his ethical ideas. And yet it is quite obvious that he has an artistic conscience. Thus one is aware of a kind of contradiction in his work between the moralist and the artist. Perhaps it is that which gives to almost all he does a feeling of true nobility just clouded by a suggestion of priggishness.

The essays in this collection are, to a large extent, steeped in the atmosphere of dreamy and melancholy retrospection which Mr. Galsworthy can create so successfully. They are the type of essay one ought to read

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in a secluded garden when a golden June twilight is falling, so that one could presently close the volume and sit on there quietly in the dark wrapped in memories. A book that can stand this test must have a rare, even if perhaps a rather insubstantial, charm.

THE TASK OF SOCIAL HYGIENE. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. Constable and Co., 1912. 8s. 6d.

This summary of certain "very essential, very fundamental" problems of progress, is characterised by the sane and noble optimism, the wide range of knowledge and sympathy, and the lucid, forcible, and distinguished style, which we have learnt to associate with the name of Havelock Ellis. The subjects treated include the war against war, an international language, Individualism *versus* Socialism, religion and the child, instruction in sexual hygiene, eugenics and love, the falling birth-rate, immorality and the law, the emancipation of women and new aspects of the women's movement.

The chapter on the "War against War" has a poignant interest just now; but perhaps the most interesting portions of the book are those which deal with the vast field of psychology and sociology, which Dr. Havelock Ellis has made peculiarly his own. No other English man of science could have written them.

He advocates the postponement of any form of religious instruction till puberty, in view of the child's limited emotional range, and extremely logical and literal modes of thought. The discussion of the instruction of the young in the laws of sex, demonstrates in a masterly way the fundamental nature of this reform; either "it affects the whole of life or it affects nothing."

The sections devoted to eugenics and the falling birth-rate form an infinitely refreshing contrast to the utterances and publications of certain other members of the Eugenics Society. Dr. Ellis insists on the need for a sense of personal responsibility, rather than legal compulsion, and most ably refutes the population fanatics in a very thorough study of the relations between the crude and the corrected, or net, birth-rate.

Perhaps in Dr. Ellis's regret at the almost exclusive preoccupation of English Suffragists with constitutional and economic claims, and his disapproval of certain later developments of the militant agitation, he rather underrates the moral value of this active and articulate revolt against *tradition as well as present conditions*—even though the protest has on the whole been concentrated on trivial issues. But the analysis of the wider implications of the movement, of the claim to full expression and experience in both the broadly human and the sexual sphere, is wholly admirable.

ETHICS AND THE FAMILY. By W. F. LOFTHOUSE. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Lofthouse demonstrates the interdependence of the family and the ethical progress of mankind. The social unit to be regarded is not the individual man or woman, but the family. The family group, from patriarchal times, has been the nursery of the virtues. Within and from that unit has sprung and worked and found expression that "something, not ourselves, making for righteousness."

It is when he gets to modern times and deals with the political and social tendencies of to-day as they act and react upon the family that the writer is at his best.

THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6d.

A series of monographs beautifully printed, neatly bound, each freshly written by a master of his subject. Their range is catholic, and for each is a writer whose name commands respect, setting forth clearly and as simply as may be the substance of the matter.

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THIS AND THAT. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Methuen. 5s.

Another of Mr. Belloc's volumes of miscellaneous essays, full of his dogmatism, his hates, his loves, and his rather obvious satire. On reading Mr. Belloc one never quite knows whether, in regard to his ideas, he has influenced Mr. Chesterton or been influenced by him. For they are in some ways very much alike. Mr. Belloc is perhaps more definite, but Mr. Chesterton is certainly more amusing. For Mr. Belloc does really give one the idea of being a man with several *idées fixes*. They peep out at you over and over again—and the man with an *idée fixe* soon bores one. All the same one reads him with pleasure, for, in his own rather peculiar manner, he does know what good writing is.

A MISCELLANY OF MEN. By G. K. CHESTERTON. Methuen. 5s.

What is one to say about Mr. Chesterton at this time of day? In his new collection of essays he is just the same as ever—very witty, very clever, and very unsatisfactory. Much of what he writes is extraordinarily clear-headed, and much is extraordinarily wrong-headed. He is one of those perpetual contradictions that defy analysis, but the total result is depressing rather than exhilarating. Here, in *A Miscellany of Men*, are gathered thirty-seven typical Chestertonian papers. The very first of them, "The Poet and the Cheese," is sufficient to arouse in full those emotions of amusement and irritation which is the general result of reading Mr. Chesterton. But when this is repeated thirty-seven times. . .

BUBBLES OF THE FOAM. By F. W. BAIN. Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.

This is the latest of Mr. Bain's poetical stories of the mythological East. Though everyone knows nowadays that they are not translations from the Sanscrit, as they were once supposed to be, still their Oriental flavour is sufficiently pronounced to make such a mistake quite pardonable. They have not the richness of imagery of *Vathek* or *The Shaving of Shagpat*, but, as they deal with Indian and not with Persian ideas, this is, perhaps, as it should be. The present story is one of love and the desert. Its title is extraordinarily happy—*Bubbles of the Foam*. It will look well on our shelves alongside of *An Essence of the Dusk*, *A Heifer of the Dawn*, *A Draught of the Blue*, and all the other musically-named books of Mr. Bain.

ENGLISH FARMING: PAST AND PRESENT. By ROWLAND E. PROTHERO. Longmans, 1912. 12s. 6d.

This is not a technical book on farming. It is a social history of rural England, and to a large extent it becomes a history of our national commercial growth. It begins with the old manorial system of village communities farming in common open fields, and ends with 1912 "and its disquieting rumours of the Single Tax." The book is really a great achievement, to the making of which, scholarly attainments, unlimited patience, and practical knowledge have each been called into play. It ranks with the Hammonds' *Village Labourer*; and what higher praise can we give to it? The author, agent-in-chief to the Duke of Bedford, imagines himself to be, we are sure, an impartial historian, and at times he is painstaking enough to look for a needle of good in a haystack of evil; but his bias is unconsciously with the landowning class. Yet, in spite of this, how curiously alike is his conclusion as to the status of the labourer in 1912 to that of Mr. F. E. Green's in the October number of this REVIEW. Mr. Prothero writes: "The sense of social inferiority which is thus fostered has impressed the labourer with the feeling that he is not regarded as a member of the community, but only as its helot . . . he resents the paraphernalia of policemen, sanitary and medical inspectors, school attendance officers, which dragoon and shepherd him into being sober, law-abiding, clean, healthy, and considerate of the future of his children. To his mind it is all part of the treatment meted out to a being who is regarded as of an inferior race." The author scouts the idea of the Single Tax being of any practical value. His moral lies in the increase

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of small holdings *owned* and not rented; but in this he weakens his argument by making the perfectly true statement on p. 402 that: "If they buy the land they occupy, they strip themselves of their working capital." With security of tenure guaranteed we do not know why Mr. Prothero should insist upon ownership, unless it be for the same reason that Lord Salisbury advocated peasant proprietorship! *English Farming* is a book which no librarian can afford to be without.

LETTERS FROM SOLITUDE. By FILSON YOUNG. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

In the first essay in his new volume of reprinted pieces, Mr. Filson Young explains that he is unable to write except for publication, and that he could not write an article on the mere chance of its being published or read. He can only write to supply a definite and immediate demand. In other words, he is a journalist, and a first-rate journalist; and, after all, it is better to be a first-rate journalist than a third-rate literary man. In his essay on John Davidson, Mr. Young says, truly enough, that it is "the first business of every critic to divide the writers of books into two classes: those who write (well or ill) as artists, because it is their vocation, and who make for a serious artistic goal; and those who write (well or ill) as a commercial speculation to supply a recognised market. To fail to do that is to fail in everything else." But it is not every writer who would have the courage to apply his theory of criticism to his own work and label it, as Mr. Filson Young does, "Second-class"!

All of the *Letters from Solitude* appeared originally in the *Saturday Review*; and, though we think that several of them were scarcely worth reprinting, we have read the remainder with interest and pleasure. Mr. Filson Young is always good company, whether you travel with him to Connemara, Fontainebleau, or Trinidad. He would be still better company if he could rid himself of the trick of winding up every yarn with a few sententious platitudes. When he is describing what he sees, he is excellent, and his enthusiasms are infectious. His sketches of life in the West Indies have inspired us with a passion to become cocoa-planters. We pine to be "walking daily through the dark leafage, and watching the ripening pods that glow like lamps, shading from crimson through orange and amber to palest yellow"; or "listening, day by day, to the dragging rhythm of the coolie's footsteps on the roof of the cocoa-house, where, hour by hour, he moves backwards and forwards, making tracks with his feet in the red-brown beans that are spread out to dry in the sun." And (just think of it!) "if you have a well-established estate, it will go on for years with little or no attention. The cocoa-tree bears three times a year, and the trees all at different times, so that there is always a harvest to be gathered; when you want money, or when the market is high, you pick your cocoa; when the market is low, or you are in funds, you may leave it on the trees, or at worst dry it and keep it for a better day. What little the sun and soil will not do, the niggers and coolies do for you. You live in beautiful surroundings, and there is a fascination about a cocoa estate that grows and grows and grows upon a man, until to take a walk through the cocoa becomes his highest material, and to talk cocoa his deepest spiritual pleasure." Henceforth my song shall be, Cocoa, alone of thee!

Excellent, too, is Mr. Filson Young's account of "A Mountain Drama" in Ireland; but best of all are his reminiscences of childhood. The account of setting out for a holiday in the paper on "Going Away and Arriving" comes as near to being literature as anything in the book. It is vital adventure, precisely remembered and vividly presented. We are grateful, too, to Mr. Filson Young for his spirited and ardent championship of his friend, John Davidson.

THE UNWILLING SCHOOLGIRL. By MARJORIE ROYCE. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s. net.

SUSAN. By L. P. HACKER. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s. net.

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THE SONG OF FRITHIOF. By G. C. ALLEN. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.

THE AIR PATROL. By HERBERT STRANG. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.

HERBERT STRANG'S ANNUAL. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s. net.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. Illustrated by Noel Pocock. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

MAC. By CECIL ALDIN. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are to be highly complimented on their children's books. Here is *The Unwilling Schoolgirl*, by Miss Marjorie Royce, a finely characterised story of the gradual taming of a rebellious schoolgirl; *Susan*, with Miss Hackert's most charming pictures, and, for the more thoughtful ones, *The Song of Frithiof*, admirably told in verse by Mr. G. C. Allen.

As for Mr. Herbert Strang, he is the ideal boy's writer. He never "tries to be funny" (the unforgivable sin); his *Air Patrol* and now eagerly expected *Annual* will satisfy the most exacting youngsters, for these books are really alive and up to date, and their illustrations beyond all praise. Little ones will rejoice in the adventurous history of Mac, the terrier, and in these ever-fresh tales of Grimm, enriched, as they are, with the fascinating colour-pictures of Mr. Noel Pocock.

CHRISTMAS IN RITUAL AND TRADITION, CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN. By CLEMENT A. MILES. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

In his book on Christmas Mr. Miles has presented us with a serious contribution to the lore of that annual feast. He discourses brightly and sagely concerning its history and the pagan survivals that are bound up in its customs; he tells of the Yule log and of all the poetry and romance that have clustered, in different ages and countries, round this festival and that of New Year's Day. It is a well-pondered piece of work, and comes at a timely moment when many of us are anticipating the joys of our forthcoming Saturnalia. There is a notable bibliography, the index is all that can be desired, and four coloured reproductions, by the Medici Society, add not a little to the value of the book.

THE SERVILE STATE. By HILAIRE BELLOC. T. N. Foulis.

With an easy dialectic and a pen as fluent as that of Madame de Sévigny, Mr. Belloc has invented a definition which is not only "catchy," but has a real bottom truth; but a six-thousand word article would have stated the matter just as well, for at the definition Mr. Belloc stands, with no palliatives or remedies. Historically, we cannot follow Mr. Belloc, whom we refer to George Moore's *Salve*, which contains the clearest vindication of æsthetic Paganism we know, which apparently is the condition Mr. Belloc so much deplores. We enjoy his statement that the Cecils, Howards, Russells, &c., "rose upon the ruins of religion," but then, what does he mean at the end by bidding us return to "The Christian Faith," when all through the argument he has railed against Capitalism, which rose out of the freedom of the Barons and the powerful Oligarchy of England? The fact is that Mr. Belloc has tried to prove a Catholic case. Now Catholicism is the sworn enemy to science, to knowledge, to enlightenment, and even to dialectics, which latter, in Jesuitical language, are known as casuistry. The *ex parte* view has obfuscated Mr. Belloc's logic. Capitalism is the result of brains more than of conditions. At this moment, the Church of England is a great Capitalist concern, holding up some of the best land of the country. To say that the Christian faith freed England from servitude is ludicrous. No nation is more "Christian" than Russia—yet Russia is a nation of slaves. Catholic Spain is atrophied because of its priest-ridden servitude. France, since it shook off the Catholic Bourbons, has become the richest country in Europe. The three

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great Capitalist countries—England, America, Germany—are greater in every respect than any single Catholic country ever has been. And naturally. Mr. Belloc is pleading a lost cause. Science is the church of to-day, as brain is the condition of Capitalism. Mr. Belloc's definition is acceptable. Better, however, be a wage-earner in a settled Capitalistic State than a job-hunter in the reign of "Bloody" Mary.

GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM: A MEMOIR. By GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM, Litt.D. Putnam's. 10s. net.

In 1903 a Memoir of George Palmer Putnam was printed for private circulation. The present volume is based upon the earlier, omitting certain details about family history and other personal matters. Putnam was one of the most considerable of American publishers, and his rise from modest beginnings to the position of power which he wielded for many years in literary America is both the record of a personality and a running commentary upon the celebrities of his time. The author accepts the description of him as "an idealist in business." He did most valuable work for the cause of international copyright.

RAMBLES IN IRELAND. By ROBERT LYND. Illustrated. Mills and Boon. 6s.

"Going to see scenery," says Mr. Lynd, "always seems to me to be like taking an introduction to some famous man, not for the sake of a reasonable conversation, but for the sake of having met him." Mr. Lynd delights in the beauties of Irish scenery which come upon him unawares, but for the most part he has gone to the villages and town of his native country to pick up what he can of human interest, to find what traces there may be of the original Irish character unspoilt by the invader, or what there may be in the monuments of the past and the follies of the present which may serve as an index to the practical politics and the imaginative destiny of Ireland. Being an Irishman first and last, Mr. Lynd descends upon his own country in the curious and romantic spirit of Mr. Chesterton announcing the romantic discovery of England. The porter who takes his luggage, the driver who takes him in a car, the boatman who rows him, the hotel-keeper who feeds him, are put through their paces, and made to stand and deliver on their honour as Irishmen. But Mr. Lynd knows well enough that not all Irishmen are ready-made for the parts of heroes, and he describes the people, as he describes the places, realistically, with plenty of humour, and a sufficiency of cynicism. Politics and political history hover always on his horizon. Few living Irishmen have sought with so much keenness, with more complete disinterestedness (so far as is compatible with patriotism), to get at the truth about Ireland, to see her vividly from within and from without, as Mr. Lynd. And this book, light, vivacious, full of anecdotes as it is, is a contribution to the sociology no less than to the topography of his country.

A BREMEN FAMILY. By GEORGINA MEINERTZHAGEN. Longman, Green and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

From the records of her husband's family, Mrs. Meinertzhagen has edited the diaries of the third and fourth Daniels—there were seven Daniel Meinertzhagens in a direct line—during their foreign travels as young men in 1756 and 1798, and a bundle of letters written from America by the fifth Daniel in 1843. None of the writers had any particular charm of style, but they all record interesting details; and the descriptions of France under Louis XV. and during the Directoire are full of vivid contrasts. The book is illustrated and charmingly edited.

FICTION

THE NAKED SOUL. By LOUISE HEILGERS. Stephen Swift. 6s.

Quite as self-revelatory as it promises to be; and calculated to convince even the most emancipated of the desirability of clothing—for souls as well as for bodies.

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY MAITLAND. By MORLEY ROBERTS. Eveleigh Nash.

This book has long been awaited in the literary world—it has come in the form of fiction, though under a veneer so thin that only the purely ignorant can fail to identify Henry Maitland, and somehow instinctively, almost irresistibly, the mind responds with the interrogatory. Why? Why this detailed revelation? *Cui bono*? And then, one asks, whether this book teaches us to know the man better, to understand him, and, if not, again, why snatch the body thus from the grave? All the same, the book is a literary sensation, unusual, brave, bitter, and interesting, because it is not only more or less an accurate account of a notable writer's life, but a kind of double biography, in which the picture of the author emerges as the clearer. We learn that he, too, suffered as much as Maitland; was even poorer; that his struggles were possibly fiercer. In this sense, regarded as a confession of literary penury and endeavour, of the lives of two men fighting against poverty and the economic conditions besetting art, this volume has a real value which lifts it above the ruck of books, and even makes it perhaps the most interesting piece of writing of the year. But there is a terrible bitterness about it. Nor, curiously enough, is the "legendary" figure of Maitland revealed to much clearer purpose. The lacunæ are noticeable. The author lost Maitland's letters written at a most critical time. It cannot be said to add very much to the man, as some of us knew him, except for certain details which reflect gravely on our civilisation. That Maitland stole as a boy is by no means an uncommon sign of abnormal brain development. Nearly all artists as boys have been odd, have done some evil and "amoral" thing. The pity is that Maitland never had the heart to throw off the disgrace—he felt himself always a social outcast. That, of course, was his trouble—his incapacity to act, his weakness, his quite ridiculous spirit of submissiveness to the blows and buffets of fortune. Well, well! He is gone, and now we can all read and talk about him, as one of the curiosities of literature.

POETRY AND DRAMA

POEMS, OLD AND NEW. By HENRY NEWBOLT. John Murray. 5s. net.

The present fashion of issuing the collected works of a poet at a comparatively early age seems almost like an attempt to anticipate the verdict of time by inviting the innocent critic to play the part of posterity. Without accepting so ambitious a rôle, in reading through the verses that Mr. Newbolt has gathered together in a neat and handy volume, we cannot help remarking on the singularity of his reputation, which rests, and seems likely to rest, on one poem. "Drake's Drum" is quite supreme in its kind; but there is nothing else in the book which has the same authentic, hair-raising quality. The other poems are well enough, in their way, scholarly, gentlemanly performances; though it must be owned that Mr. Newbolt is rather too fond of the facile patter metres which carry everything off (even music-hall songs!) with a rush and a swagger; and that his attempts at facetiousness are, to say the least, unfortunate. There is, of course, no smatch of the music-hall in the content of Mr. Newbolt's work. He is the sanest and healthiest of our patriotic poets. However, it takes more than "the Public School spirit" to produce poetry of the first rank. In this volume there are ten poems that have not been issued hitherto in book form. Though quite up to the author's high standard, they do not add any fresh distinction to his reputation. Truth to tell, we suspect we should have found the rest of Mr. Newbolt's work more moving had we not known "Drake's Drum" first. But, with such echoes ringing in our heads, all the other tunes seem comparatively forced and feeble; though, once again, in the lines—

"There's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun. . . ."

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we catch something of the same authentic, though indefinable, quality. For the author of "Drake's Drum" there is an assured immortality. To have added a ballad to the English anthology is an achievement indeed!

THE TRIAL OF JEANNE D'ARC: AN HISTORICAL PLAY IN FIVE ACTS. By EDWARD GARNETT. Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. net.

Mr. Edward Garnett's play is, in the first place, a vivid and concentrated interpretation of the documents relating to the condemnation of Jeanne d'Arc. In the earlier parts it might even be said that he has sacrificed dramatic simplicity to his desire to "reproduce the historical atmosphere." But the English translation of the "Process of Condemnation" and "Process of Rehabilitation" is not a popular work, and knowledge of it can certainly not be expected from any considerable audience. It is hard, therefore, to see how Mr. Garnett could have avoided these dense scenes between numbers of clerics and doctors. Also, the play is a great deal more than a vivid and useful epitome. For example, Mr. Garnett has added a sexual element which for most of us is a novel one. He makes one of the Canons of Beauvais in various direct and indirect ways solicit Jeanne, with promises of aiding her cause, at the same time trying to terrify her with descriptions of the torture which she is inviting. Jeanne's reaction against this man adds another facet to the diamond of her simplicity. But not content with the Canon's refined indelicacy, Mr. Garnett afflicts her with the attempted violence of an English soldier in liquor. This scene (Act IV., Sc. 2) is extremely good. Mr. Garnett's impulse gets free, first, in the soldier's bluff lewdness, and, last, in the vision which comes to Jeanne after his vain but terrifying attempt. The last scene (Act. V., Sc. 2) is good for the same reason. Through the lips of onlookers—townsmen and women and sympathetic bachelors of theology—he depicts the burning in the old market-place of Rouen. The kindly bachelors, the pitiful, indignant women, the drunken, cursing Anglophobe, in this open-air scene, are excellent. The play can be read with continual interest and frequent admiration in the study. But it is aimed at the stage, where it should be far more than twice as effective, since everything which actors and stage can supply has been pruned away from the words, leaving an austere and shapely skeleton.

THE PORT OF DREAMS. By MIRIAM ALEXANDER. Andrew Melrose. 6s.

Miss Alexander is to be congratulated on having produced an excellent character-study of a man of gallant spirit, whose physical courage is not always equal to the exigencies of an adventurous life. But the Jacobite setting she has chosen for her hero is unfortunate. Colonel Clavering is a modern type. His introspective habit, and his intense mental anguish when his courage fails him at a great crisis, would hardly have been understood by his generation. The dialogue slips uneasily from the early eighteenth to the twentieth century. The picture the author draws of the social life of Ireland at the period is interesting and historically accurate.

KING FIALAR. A Poem in Five Songs. By JOHAN LUDVIG RNEBERG. Translated by Eiríkr Magnússon, M.A. Dent. 5s.

RIPOSTES. By EZRA POUND. Stephen Swift. 2s. 6d.

AN IDYLL AND OTHER POEMS. By E. HAMILTON MOORE. Melrose. 2s.

There is always something a little mechanical in the literary epic. It lacks of necessity those sudden gusty unveilings of human passion, the *naïveté*, and a certain irrelevance which characterise the great war poems of primitive peoples. On the other hand, it gains in unity and dramatic force. This much can be said for *King Fialar*, the most important work of Finland's greatest poet. The story is that of a Viking chief, who, having made his country justly feared in war, resolves at length to keep it in the paths of peace. But swearing this oath before his followers, he ignores the ever-jealous gods, who revenge the insult by predicting the extinction of his race through the marriage of his son and

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daughter. To escape this fate Fialar decrees the baby Derda's death. But she, rescued from the waves, is taken to the court of King Morannal, in the Western Highlands. Here, years later, her brother finds and marries her. Their kinship is discovered. Hialmar stabs his wife and then perishes by his own sword. Thus the gods revenge themselves on Fialar.

The action unrolls with a certain majestic rhythm that carries the reader along to the tragic *dénouement*. But here and there we catch an accent which strikes a discordant note in human tragedy, by suggesting that the poet's sympathies are with the gods. The imagery is picturesque and at times powerful. King Fialar is not a great poem, but it has poetic qualities. The translator, following the original closely has achieved a not inconsiderable success, though his lines are at times a little too easy and graceful for epic verse.

There is little that is original in Miss Hamilton Moore's *Idyll* and other poems, but the writer has considerable facility of expression and a store of graceful sentiment. The *Idyll*, the old story of love's awakening, is pleasant and at times felicitous; but Miss Moore should eschew abstractions. "Beckoning blisses" is intolerable. The writer's habit of always omitting relative pronouns makes her verses at times unintelligible. Her love sonnets would be better translated and condensed into simpler, more straightforward verse forms.

POLITICAL

WOMAN AND TO-MORROW. By W. L. GEORGE. Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.
2s. 6d. net.

We expect a good deal from the author of *The City of Light*, and he does not disappoint us. Mr. W. L. George has startling opinions with the courage of them in full measure, and, what is still more valuable in a writer, he has also the gift of fire and vision, so necessary and so rarely found in a book of this character. We take exception to his opinion that "the courtesan carries higher than the mother the standard of the race, for she is rebellious and discriminating," but otherwise we applaud every word. It is, of course, not for babes or weaklings, but in every way a fine, well-reasoned, powerful piece of work.

The author's standpoint is that of woman's friend, of a lover of all women; and it is therefore sad to think that he will probably be ungraciously received by the very class for whom he pleads, or rather fights, for it is cut-and-thrust all through. The great uneducated majority of women who still hug their chains will repudiate this kindly champion. The so-called "advanced" woman—suffrage-obsessed to the point of mania—may possibly be angry, and will certainly be rude to him, unless our judgment is much at fault. Only the very small minority to whom the vote is but one little plank in the bridge that leads to freedom will rise up and call him blessed. This is the book they have been waiting for, and we do not believe that any woman who has thought and suffered could read the chapter on "Woman and Passion" without being deeply thrilled and touched at the author's wonderful knowledge and sympathy, for he seems to be that phenomenon, a man who *understands*!

Mr. George is a whole-hearted revolutionary, all the shibboleths dear to the average Englishman are here attacked and demolished: the sanctity of the home, man's lordship over women, women's fitness for menial tasks, their failure in the arts, their lack of sexual needs. He boldly asserts that we must not be disappointed at the scarcity of female geniuses, for "woman has not had time," that "the home is the enemy of woman," and in its present form must be abolished, that "the ages have given woman the status of the slave and developed in her the character-

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istics of the slave," and in man those of the slave-owner; whilst if his opinions on the sex question are to be widely read in conventional circles, the Early Victorian habit of swooning will assuredly revive. What greater tribute to the sanity of his opinions than this could an author desire?

It is a book from which the happy reviewer longs to quote at length, but thoughtful people must buy and study it for themselves. We hope that all feminists will rally round Mr. George and give him the support and appreciation that he deserves.

THE EVOLUTION OF STATES: AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH POLITICS. By J. M. ROBERTSON. Watts and Co. 5s. net.

This scholarly and learned book is the expansion, under a new title, of one published originally in 1900 under the present sub-title, "An Introduction to English Politics." It is a fairly full and systematic treatment of political history, or political forms and theories. We welcome it, and recommend it, not merely on its own account, but because it may serve to remind a generation that does not believe it, that the business of politics ought, more and more, to be entrusted into the hands of men who have some knowledge of political history. Our prominent politicians to-day hold their positions in the main, not to their powers of knowledge, but their powers of speech.

When Palmer, the famous Rugeley poisoner, was convicted, he said, referring to the ability with which Sir Alexander Cockburn, the then Attorney-General, had conducted the case, "It was the riding that did it." To-day when we observe the eminence of certain powerful politicians we might truly say, "It was the talking that did it." If a young man sets out with the desire to succeed in politics we should advise him to learn to talk, for with talking all things are possible in politics. Of course, if he determined to learn also to think, that need not necessarily be a hindrance to his success. But he must learn to talk.

By those, however, who still place a high value upon knowledge and thought in public affairs, this book will be very cordially welcomed. It is not a book one can borrow to read; it is a book one must buy to learn. It cannot be read through at a sitting, even a long one. It cannot be mastered by the aid of the intellectual guillotine which mercilessly falls upon most of our reading before we are half-way to understanding it, though probably as near as we wish to be. It is the result of years of patient study by the author; it is the masticated result of a fair-sized library, and to be profited by must be treated with a just comprehension of the labour that has brought it forth.

The author has done the signal service of enabling one to study within the compression of the covers of a single volume, the gist and essence of as wide a range of historical research as could conceivably have been effected. Indeed, if we have a criticism it is that, the erudition of the author makes it in places difficult to check him, for any reader less erudite. The foot-notes running all through the book indicate the extent of the author's journey through the records of all the political ages. In particular, Mr. Robertson shows how much he owes to German and French historical scholarship, thereby supporting where possible, and refuting where necessary, the conclusions and opinions of English historians upon whom the average reader has probably leaned.

But this is not a history book such as we have come to expect. The author in the preface says: "The object in view from the first has been, not the technical anatomy or documentary history of institutions, but the bringing into light of the ruling forces in all political life, ancient and modern alike." And again: "Alike as to ancient and modern history the effort of scholars is now more and more towards comprehension of historic causation in terms of determining conditions, the economic above all. . . ." The work is divided into six parts, with numerous sub-divisions, and the titles will fairly indicate the scope of the book—"Political Forces in Ancient History," "Economic Forces in Ancient History," "Cul-

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ture Forces in Antiquity," "The Case of the Italian Republics," "The Fortunes of the Lesser European States," "English History till the Constitutional Period." The index is admirably done, and serves well its purpose, when one wants to turn back from time to time for reference to what has gone before for something which may seem to indicate apparent discrepancy. But Mr. Robertson we found always proved to be right on those occasions.

Readers of anything from Mr. Robertson's pen know well what a splendid stylist he is. He has not lowered his standard here. The book has never a slipshod sentence from beginning to end. We can only express the hope for their own sakes that many will be found to have decided to put this book upon their shelves.

THE YEAR-BOOK OF SOCIAL PROGRESS FOR 1912: BEING A SUMMARY OF RECENT LEGISLATION, OFFICIAL REPORTS, AND VOLUNTARY EFFORT WITH REGARD TO THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE. THOS. NELSON AND SONS. 2s. net.

THE DISESTABLISHMENT AND DISENDOWMENT OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN WALES. Preface by SIR DAVID BRYNMOR JONES, K.C., M.P., Chairman of the Welsh Liberal Party. Central Campaign Committee, 134 St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W. 6d. net.

IRISH HOME RULE: THE LAST PHASE. By S. G. HOBSON. Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN IRELAND. By PHILIP WILSON. Maunsell and Co. 12s. 6d.

These four volumes all deal with burning questions, and indicate the tendencies of public thought in the problems of the uplifting of the masses, of Welsh Disestablishment, and of Irish self-government.

The Year-Book of Social Progress is perhaps the least topical, but by no means the least significant and important. The appearance of a comprehensive work of the kind, extending to 617 pages, at such a low price, is proof of the widespread interest felt in its subject. It is questionable whether at any previous period, however great the enthusiasm for social reform, it would have been possible to produce a volume of this bulk recording such an extraordinary mass of voluntary effort by women as well as men, for the mental, moral, and material improvement of the people. The book includes accounts of institutions for social study, and for the promotion of health, together with chapters on labour, women in social work, domestic economy, employments of women, the child, apprenticeship, handicrafts, education, co-operation, emigration, Poor Law, the organisation of charity, the aged, aliens, &c. To many of these are appended useful bibliographies. One thing lacking in this useful and interesting compilation is a good index.

The handbook on Welsh Disestablishment gives in some 200 pages an authoritative statement of the case for that great reform, together with the text of the Bill, accompanied by explanatory notes.

Mr. S. G. Hobson's small volume on Home Rule, written from a democratic and working-class standpoint, furnishes a fresh illustration of the consoling prospect that the new Irish Legislature will have other and more urgent work on hand than fanning the embers of sectarian and national strife. It shows that both the Unionist and Nationalist parties in Ireland are composed of diverse elements whose interests and views are in many respects antagonistic. Thus one of the first effects of the assembling of a new Irish Parliament will be a change in the composition and tendencies of the Irish parties. The Protestant and Catholic middle classes will necessarily combine against the Protestant and Catholic proletariat. The former will inevitably seek the assistance and support of the

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English middle classes, as the latter will that of the English democracy. In that union of Irish parties with English will be found the surest guarantee against separatism. Davitt, the Irish democrat, once asked his Nationalist colleague, Parnell, an aristocrat and landowner, what would be his first act after the establishment of an Irish Parliament. "Put you in gaol!" was the grim response. Though a convinced Home Ruler, Mr. Hobson by no means regards Home Rule as a panacea, but merely as a means of clearing the ground for the economic regeneration of Ireland. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of his book is the account given of the wholesale economic waste in that country.

The Beginnings of Modern Ireland is a work of an entirely different character, dealing as it does with the history of the conquest of Ireland during the first half of the sixteenth century. It is, however, symptomatic of the reawakening in the Sister Island of independent thought and self-criticism. Mr. Wilson, himself an Irishman, while defending his countrymen against the accusation of an excess of original sin, frankly admits the faults and failings of the national character, a frankness which, by the way, is one of the most valuable characteristics of the new Irish drama. Unfortunately space does not permit of an adequate appreciation of this volume, which is to be followed by a second, bringing the story down to the close of the Tudor period. It must suffice to say that it is based largely on unpublished manuscripts and upon State papers issued by the Record Commission, and, for the most part, places the facts before the reader in the words of the original authorities. The result is a spirited narrative, anecdotic, picturesque, and full of colour.

THE EMPIRES OF THE FAR EAST. A Study of Japan and of her Colonial Possessions, of China and Manchuria, and of the Political Questions of Eastern Asia and the Pacific. By LANCELOT LAWTON. 2 vols. London: Grant Richards, Ltd. 30s. net.

Sir Edward Grey should be an appreciative reader of Mr. Lancelot Lawton's *Empires of the Far East*. If, as some people say, our understanding with Russia is primarily due to our fear of a Japanese attack on Australia, then the Foreign Secretary's policy will receive ample endorsement in Mr. Lawton's two remarkable volumes.

"The interests of Great Britain, and United States and Russia," says the author, "should be identical in the Far East, inasmuch as all three Powers are faced with the problems of Oriental immigration and are not altogether free from the fear of Oriental aggression." This is Mr. Lawton at his mildest, and at times he is not so mild, for he has lived some years in Japan, and out of the fulness of his heart he speaks.

The case he makes out against Japanese methods of Imperialism is undoubtedly a strong one. We are apt to forget that fifty years or so count for little in the life of a nation, and fifty years ago Japan was almost as mediæval as England in the Wars of the Roses. Mr. Lawton shows us the old Samurai underneath the new top-hat. Our Australian cousins are under no illusion as regards the intentions of Japan. Sir Joseph Ward, the Premier of New Zealand, in a speech quoted by the author, said:—

"There would some day be a fight to decide whether white men or Orientals were to govern Australia and the Pacific Islands."

It is Mr. Lawton's mission to prepare us for that day, and for this reason we find him supporting the policy of Sir Edward Grey—a policy of alliance with Russia based upon interests largely identical, in his opinion. How far England's interests are identical with Russia's is hardly within the scope of a review to discuss. But this much is certain—that whatever understanding we have with Russia cannot be limited to a mutual policy in the Far East.

The author is far more sympathetically disposed towards China, and rightly so. China has never had a foreign policy other than "let alone."

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Whatever danger is likely to come from a Chinese Yellow Peril will be due to Russia and Japan damming up the legitimate outlets of Chinese emigration. Russia has already done so within the past few weeks in Mongolia, and experience has taught her that wherever the Russian and Chinese trader are in competition the Russian must close his shutters. But Russia is always profiting by her experience, and returns stronger after every rebuff, and if the Chinese settler should stand in her way—well, there is always the precedent of Blagovestchensk to go upon. Apart from these considerations, Mr. Lawton's volumes stand out pre-eminent amongst other contributions to the literature of the changing East. No better summary of recent events has reached us, and the writer has a knack of making even dry statistics interesting.

TRAVEL

PILGRIMS TO THE ISLES OF PENANCE. By MRS. TALBOT CLIFTON. John Long, Ltd.

An interesting and vivacious account of a visit to the Mid-East, dealing more particularly with the Andaman Islands, the carefully administered penal settlement where the worst criminals of India and Burma expiate their offences.

ASPECTS OF ALGERIA. By ROY DEVEREUX. Dent and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.

Not so long ago we reviewed in these pages Mr. Thomas Stanford's *About Algeria*. In that volume there was more personal charm than in these *Aspects of Algeria* by Mr. Devereux, whose knowledge of the country, however, and of its political and social conditions, is much profounder. He is not greatly enthusiastic about the French system of colonisation, and agrees with Leroy Beaulieu's view that by training the natives to military service the French are possibly preparing for themselves an unpleasant surprise. The chapters dealing with economical matters are good reading, but the bibliography is decidedly feeble, and the map of Algeria and Tunisia so badly done that a large place like Tozeur, for instance, is not even named on it.

PAPUA, OR BRITISH NEW GUINEA. By J. H. P. MURRAY. 38 illustrations. T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.

Mr. Murray, who is the Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Judicial Officer of Papua, has produced a really valuable book about this strange and fascinating country. And it is specially interesting, not simply because it shows such a wide knowledge of the people and the geography, but because it is written in an enlightened manner, which is rather rare in works of this class. He has evidently a sound and sympathetic understanding of the native psychology, and is prepared to look at matters from other standpoints than that of the official. As he wields power over a country about one and a half times as big as England (in huge tracts, only nominal power, of course) it is just as well that he has that high type of intelligence which is really conciliatory to the native view.

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